JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.

No. 249483

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Vol. V. No. 134. Saturday, December 26th, 1908. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Merry Christmas to You.

Whilst we have no intention of departing from our undertaking to the Court not to make any further comment upon the Guildhall proceedings, there is no reason why we should not say what we think in regard to the recent application for a writ of attachment against us for "Contempt of Court." Elsewhere in this issue will be found a full report of the proceedings before the Divisional Court, from which it will be observed that notwithstanding the very conciliatory speech of the Attorney-General, Mr. Justice Bigham delivered a judgment, the effect of which is that an order for our "attachment"—that is, arrest—is made, but is to lie in the office for a period of one month, during which time we have the option of paying a fine of £300 (and costs), upon doing which the writ of attachment is not to be executed.

The position, therefore, is that whilst our readers generally are celebrating the Christmas festivities, we shall be engaged deciding the momentous problem whether we will contribute the sum of £300 to His Majesty's Treasury or surrender ourselves to the High Court tipstaff. We can say no more at the moment than that the matter is receiving our very serious consideration.

Meantime, we acknowledge with gratitude the marked difference between the attitude adopted towards us by the Attorney-General and that with which we have had to contend elsewhere. Nothing could have been more courteous than Sir William Robson's statement to the Court at the end of our address.

The *Daily Mirror* has been publishing some pictures headed 'Crowded Brighton: Effect of the King's Visit." The first represents the sea-front with seven old ladies sitting in a shelter, a foreground consisting of four persons and a bath-chair, and a long stretch of promenade with scarcely anybody about. Next we have a picture of four people sitting huddled up outside the door of the Hotel Metropole. Then we have another picture of the parade, which looks very empty save for a lady, three children, and a dog, followed by the inevitable bath-chair. Even out of the season we have seen Brighton far more crowded than this. If such were the effect of the King's visit, we could not honestly congratulate His Majesty. But perhaps the *Mirror* was pulling our leg.

We have cut the following from *Truth*:—

ENTRE NOUS.

A Special Literary Supplement appears with this week's number of *Truth*.

Entirely between ourselves, we shall probably publish an article next week by "Jim Crow" relating his experiences as a total abstainer. We hope this information will be treated in the strictest confidence.

Having had occasion recently to visit a Court of Justice we would most respectfully and humbly suggest that the comfort of litigants would be increased if it were possible to have some sort of ventilation. We hope this is not Contempt.

While the Castro was away devouring Gargantuan repasts at short intervals in the gay resorts of Europe, it was too bad of Dutch mice and Venezuelan mobs to start their little games directly his back was turned. He is evidently a strong man as well as a picturesque one. He had better hurry back and hang a few ringleaders or else there will be nothing for him but to apply for an engagement in the pantomimes. He would certainly play the part of a filibuster very naturally and make remarks about being "once aboard the lugger" in a manner which would appeal potently to the Surrey side. Or he might appear as a rival to one of the fasting men and see how much he could consume in forty days.

What a lot of money people waste on idiotic, Christmas presents! Look at the pages and pages of advertisements of pin-cushions disguised as rabbits grotesque ink-stands, stupid toys, dull games, and all the trash which is passed off under the name of ornaments. In obedience to the fetish of some early Victorian tradition, thousands of people conceive it their duty to give something to most of their relations and intimate friends. As on the occasion of a wedding, it does not matter what they give so long as they do give. We do not wish to discourage the natural impulses of generosity, but we think it is essential to a gift that it should afford some sort of pleasure to the recipient. Even an humble postal-order would be preferable to an object which is at once consigned to the lumber-room or the waste-paper basket—or passed on to another victim.

ANOTHER ANAGRAM: Horatio Bottomley—Hot trial, too, me boy.

Mr. Ure, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been letting the cat out of the Asquithian bag. If he is to be credited with possessing the Prime Minister's confidence, the cup is to be filled up till it slops right over, then the country is to come to grips with the House of Lords by means of a scheme providing that when a Bill has been twice rejected by the Upper House and ratified a third time by the Commons, it will be passed over the heads of the Peers with the King's consent, and become law. Personally, we do not relish the idea of the Crown being dragged into active politics in this way, if by any possible means it can be avoided. It would almost inevitably happen that the King's action would be hotly debated, especially in case of measures passed by small party majorities in the House of Commons. However, there will be ample time to examine the balls when we see the skittles.

It does not follow that the Lord Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone are going into mourning because they have just received, from the City Corporation, cloth for a new suit of black. It is probable that they would rather have had a new suit of grey, or dandy-grey-russet. But one may not look a gift-horse in the mouth; and since it is the ancient custom of the Corporation to present the eminent officials aforesaid with cloth for suits of black, free gratis and for nothing, whether they want it or not, they have had no option but to express their heartfelt thanks. After all, black is always useful. If not wanted for evening parties, it comes in handy for funerals. And after the death of so many Bills, most of our Ministers should be in mourning just now.

Probably the National Gallery official who shoved the lately discovered portfolios of Turner masterpieces behind a bookcase and forgot all about them, is as dead as the domestic who lit the fire with the first manuscript volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution." But the new find compels one to wonder whether there may not be somewhere hidden in the National Gallery valuable samples of some old masters which the same amazing genius was unable to hang for want of time or space. A search in the deeps of the coal cellars might unearth another Velasquez, or Durer, or Andrea del Sarto, while a climb into the cocklofts might discover fifteen or twenty square yards of reliable Titian, stopping, like Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, a hole to keep the wind away. Even if Sir Charles Holroyd found nothing, the daily exercise of climbing to the roof and descending to the deeps would do him a powerful lot of physical good.

Of course, it is utterly absurd that people 70 years of age, with a capital of £1,500, should receive an old-age pension, whilst a needy woman who had received 2 lbs. of tea from the guardians is not entitled to one. When pensions come to everyone at a certain age as a matter of right, anomalies of this sort will disappear. But they won't come just yet.

A reader sends us a copy of the *Gospel Messenger*, wherein we find a remarkable story of "an impious farmer of Kimberley, South Africa." Enraged at the destruction of his crops during a storm, the farmer pointed his gun at the heavens, and "declared with an oath that he would shoot the God of the thunder." He fired, but "the answering shot was the shaft of the Almighty, for the lightning found its mark in the body of the blasphemous farmer." Friends buried that farmer, but another blinding flash wrested the body from its coffin in the grave and cast it up on the veldt. Again the terror-stricken men essayed to bury the body. Again the light flashed and the thunder roared, and again the body was cast out of the grave, "the men fleeing as from the presence of Divine wrath." "Needless to say," it is added, "the farmer's body was left unburied, and the jackals left but the bones to whiten on the veldt." That story shall pass without any comment of ours, except that we don't believe it, and that its gifted author seems to have been inspired to it by Tom Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram."

We don't know the address of "Hesty Simpson," but she is a good soul. Here is all we know of her:—

> I have for the past two years been a constant reader of your JOHN BULL, and many times articles therein have touched me, but never one so much as your sentiments—re Mrs. Asquith's appeal for men and women willing to enlist for personal service among the poor.
>
> I am only a poor woman, my income being only 15s. per week. I have one shilling remaining out of last week's money, which I hereby forward on to you; and I pray to God that your good, loving words have touched the hearts of some of our wealthy people in London, and so helped to enlarge the work of the Salvation Army you mention. I do hope you will not be cross with me. May God watch over and bless you. HESTY SIMPSON.

God bless Hesty Simpson!

It is always dangerous to tread upon theological ground. Just see what trouble we have got into over our very guarded comment about the letter written by a Catholic priest to a young Catholic lady who was about to marry a Protestant:—

> I wish there was a little of God and real catholicity in the tone of your JOHN BULL besides the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Your opinion in regard to the action of J. A. FOX, O.S.B., shows up marvellously your ignorance and prejudice in regard to the Catholic Faith, and before you show opposition and express any surprise you should know more of the principles that guide the Catholic Church.
>
> You take the side of one of your Protestant readers: Did you first inquire whether this Protestant young man was not a dirty blackguard like many other fleshy Protestant young men—carnal seducers, who, after ruining a score of Protestant girls want to marry a Catholic girl—why—yes—JOHN BULL—why, don't you know? Why—because of the purity of the Catholic girl.
>
> From the fact that the young man (perhaps a dirty fleshy scoundrel) will not consent to be married in a Catholic church, nor by a Catholic priest, you show him up in the colours of a worldly, fleshy, devilish pig, full of farmyard morality. J. A. Fox, O.S.B., has only done his duty as a true disciple of Christ and Charity, trying to keep the poor girl from falling into a Protestant pit of misery.
>
> From his letter it appears that the girl made an appointment to see him, but he could not see her; and no doubt the young man has used his influence to prevent the appointment taking place. The girl may have no friends to give her good advice, and why should you object to a priest taking an interest for the future happiness and welfare of that girl? The inference from your opposition to the interference of a priest in cases of this kind is that *you*, JOHN BULL, would rather see poor, innocent, pure girls and boys cast in the gulf of life-long misery, and probably a wretched death. Is that so? I daresay you know some cases of wretched marriages entered into with the spirit of the love of the world, the flesh, and the devil—which might have turned out the happiest, had they been entered into with the Spirit of God through the ministration of His minister the priest.—Yours truly, JOHN M. P. VASSALLI.
>
> Julian Road, Bath.
>
> P.S.—You, JOHN BULL—Horatio Bottomley—possess the late Judge Hawkins' wig. I hope and pray you will in his footsteps follow, and show more respect for the Catholic Church and its priests.

As our correspondent expressly refers to the late Lord Brampton, perhaps we may be permitted

to quote from an article we wrote at the time of his death :—

> To-day, as I write, he lies, unburied, awaiting the final rites of the majestic faith which in later years he embraced. Till they are performed, and his soul, according to his creed, is at rest, I join in mourning at his death.

Not much scoffing here, we hope.

A very unnecessary habit has arisen among certain advertisers of publishing their own portraits all over the place. We fail to see how this can be good business. For our own part we should not be induced to stay at an hotel because the manager wears whiskers and a vast expanse of shirt-front; nor would the fact that a ladies' tailor has a long nose induce us to give him Mrs. Bull's patronage; nor do the cadaverous features and eyeglasses of a certain bookmaker bear any relation to the impossibility of pinching prices. Talking of tradesmen, we think it is high time that someone should start a customers' defence league, which should issue a black list of all duns, blackmailers, vulgar advertisers and other nuisances.

A curious incident is reported as having occurred in Liverpool. Ten unemployed men entered a restaurant and ordered a dinner. Then they stood up and said they declined to acknowledge any debt for the meal, but were prepared to go to prison. One of them added, "We have starving wives and children at home, and must do something." Something, that is, for themselves, but nothing for the starving wives and children. As they were not arrested, we presume that their example will be extensively imitated.

Surely it is high time that something was done to check the antics of the Yankee imbecile now running about Scotland and insulting everyone who smokes a cigarette or sells a glass of beer. The newspapers are making a great mistake in advertising the woman, who is surely old enough to know better.

Miss Kate Cording, of the Feline Defence League, is much concerned as to whether we are sound on the question of cats. She writes to say she has "heard from a stranger that we intended to bring out an article against the collections for cats now being made extensively in our streets." Let us relieve the lady's mind. Not knowing what articles we are going to bring out, or keep in, that stranger is naturally misinformed. Miss Cording is hereby assured that our intentions are strictly honourable, and that we have as little idea of "condemning," to use Miss Cording's own words, those who collect lost cats, or for lost cats, as we have of speaking disrespectfully of the equator. That there are too many cats in this world, that thousands of them are neglected, starved, and brutally ill-treated, is not to be doubted; and if it will be any comfort or assistance to Miss Cording, we are willing to state here and now that the Feline Defence League, of Islington, is the one and only genuine humanitarian cattery in London; that the public should not be deceived by unblushing imitations; that Miss Cording is the original patentee of the idea of making public collections for funds to remove stray and starving cats to a happier land than this; and that the public, deceived sorely by a rival organisation, run for private profit, should stand by the old firm though the heavens fall. Now this is really very handsome of us, and we trust that Miss Cording will feel duly thankful.

There is, however, another matter raised by Miss Kate Cording's letter, peculiarly apropos at Christmas time. "I collect in Trafalgar Square," she says, "for the Vegetarian Association's Children's dinner, but where the public gives a penny to the children it gives a shilling to the cats. I stood for two hours to-day there, and I only got fourpence. They won't give to starving children, and that is the long and the short of it." That is a sweeping generalisation with which we by no means agree, though the recent aristocratic ball held in Dublin in aid of the local cat rescue league seems to lend weight to it. We do not believe that the public would rather give to a starving cat than to a starving child. Undoubtedly they are dead tired of the complex varieties of collecting-boxes which are pushed under their noses every day at every street corner. They know that, as often as not, the owners of those boxes are merely exploiting the children for the advantage of their own pockets, and that much of the money subscribed will never reach those for whom it is professedly collected. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are every year given by the public for the benefit of the half-clothed and half-starved children of the slums, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that this Christmas the deep wells of human charity, even despite the hard times, will be dried.

The few mild words we had to say a week or so ago about the wages paid to the unemployed for work done in the Union labour yard at Uxbridge, have heated one of the Uxbridge guardians, a Mr. McCullum, to wrath. And this notwithstanding that a fellow guardian, Sir William Bruce, advised him to take no notice of John Bull. It was a paper, he said, "no respectable person ever read;" which was terrible haird on The McCullum. We pointed out that unemployed single men were being put to work for five days of seven hours each, breaking seven hundredweight of stones a day into one and a-half inch pieces, for which the inclusive reward was 2s. in kind, 2s. in cash, and 7½d. in bread and cheese. The answer of The McCullum is that in cases where a man has a wife and six children he would receive 6s. 3d. in money and 6s. in kind; which is no answer at all. That a man temporarily unemployed should have to break stones for thirty-five hours to earn 12s. 3d. in order to feed himself, his wife, and six children is not a whit less monstrous than that he should have to do similar work for thirty-five hours to earn 4s. 7½d. in order to maintain himself. And a bad business is made worse by the huge placards put out by the guardians announcing that any person who "refuses or wilfully neglects to perform such task or work will be deemed an idle and disorderly person, and be liable to imprisonment with hard labour for one calendar month." The work may or may not be suitable for rogues, loafers, and vagabonds, but for honest men, evicted from mills and workshops and factories through widespread national depression, it is insulting and degrading. Even if a hundred, or a hundred thousand, boards of guardians are employing the unemployed at like work for like pay, the matter is not made any the better; but, if this be so, the Local Government Board ought to be brought severely to task.

Apart from all else, stone-breaking is an art, as is evident from the fact that one Frederick William Smith, who applied for relief to the Hull Board of Guardians, gave as the reason of his application that he had been discharged from the Corporation stone-yard, "because he broke two and a quarter tons of stone in one day and earned 3s. 7d." The Corporation do not appear to have been able to stand this terrible drain on their resources; it was almost like breaking the bank at Monte Carlo; and poor Smith had no sooner earned his 3s. 7d., and begun to look round for another two and a quarter tons than he was requested not to stand on the order of his going, but to go. However, virtue (and strength) have their reward, and Smith had the joy of hearing from the chairman of guardians the welcome words, "We will give you relief for a week, and inquiries will be made." In the fierce sifting of the facts, it is hoped that Smith's

two and a quarter tons per day will not shrink to pounds. or even hundredweights, for that would be his undoing. In case he is O.K., he should be photographed at the public expense, his likeness distributed to all the labour yards in the country, and there posted up with an account of his performance as an example and encouragement to his weak and downhearted brothers in misfortune.

For an utter travesty of justice commend us to the decision of the Armagh Petty Sessions magistrates in the case of Ellen Johnston, a governess-housekeeper in the employ of a local dentist, for assaults upon his children. A policeman and a messenger-boy said they had seen the woman strike the children in the street. The two children gave evidence, denying that the defendant had assaulted them. The woman was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and the magistrates refused to state a case for a superior court. It is not for us to say by which side the actual truth was told, but it is evident to anybody gifted with a normal brain, that if one person is charged with assaulting another, and the alleged victim denies having been assaulted at all, the charge must fail. If the Armagh magistrates were High Court Judges, and they applied in that capacity the extraordinary principle on which they have acted in this case, they would condemn a man for murder even if the alleged victim appeared in Court and gave evidence that he wasn't dead. The clear duty of counsel to the prisoner Johnston is to apply for a mandamus.

Another echo of the Licensing Bill. The Rev. H. Davis Bull, preaching at Goodmayes the other day, referred to the rejection of the measure by the Lords, and this is how he dealt with the matter :—

> The angels of God must have stood by the door and counted slowly as that White Rod pointed to those *272*; and then winged their way back to the throne of God with tear-stained eyes to tell the result of the voting.

But surely the result of the division was known beforehand. Even down here, we knew within half-a-dozen what the voting would be. Silly talk of this kind keeps the plain man away from church.

Latest reports are that the great heart of Scotland has been beating thirteen to the dozen since Professor Garstang's announcement that he has discovered in Asia Minor a sculpture of the ancient Hittites—so-called, we understand, because they spent most of their time in hitting the Pharaohs—representing a man playing the bagpipes. It is currently reported, too, that a vaster pride swells the bosom of all nigger minstrels in learning from the professor that the Hittite with the bagpipes is accompanied by another Hittite with a banjo. However this may be, it is no longer possible to doubt that the bagpipes and the banjo are weapons of war sanctified by long-established custom, and originally designed to put fear into the hearts of men. This probably accounts for the persistent refusal of Haydn, Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Gounod, and Sir Edward Elgar to include them as musical instruments in their orchestral compositions. It is a canon of all art that you cannot be too careful.

We should like to know what is happening at our military airship factory. Here we are spending over £5,000 a year on this business, and all we have had so far was the ill-fated Nulli Secundus, which managed to get from Aldershot to the Crystal Palace and then collapse. That was twelve months ago, and nothing has happened since, beyond periodical appearances of something called an airship, which has found it extremely difficult to miss the shrubs and trees on Cove Common. We should not care to suggest that the factory is not exactly a happy home, and that that may account for some of the delay, but we call to mind that Colonel Cody is an American, and that British R.E. officers do not altogether feel that a Yankee "Colonel" is of the correct breed. Anyway, Germany, France and Italy have got a long way ahead of us. In truth, we seem to be standing still and paying £5,000 yearly for the privilege of looking on.

The L.C.C. has now issued a syllabus for children about "betting *and* gambling"—the *and* is significant—(presumably a dissertation on Lord Rosslyn's system); "the dearness of cheap things" (or the true economy of a fur-lined coat); "distinction between thrift and parsimony" (taxi-cab *v.* hansom); "smoking—juvenile and other" (presumably hams). But there is nothing about the following conundrums, which must often perplex the very young :—

(1) How to curse a nurse.
(2) How to circumvent a mustard-plaster.
(3) What to do with an overdose of plum-pudding.
(4) The soft answer which turneth away hard spanks.
(5) The art of resisting a parent so that he shall flee from you.
(6) The truly courteous retort to a slap on the appendix.

Where is your Willie Peel the noo?

Mr. Lloyd George has taken the bull by the horns—or shall we say the ladies by their skirts?—and decided that henceforth they shall be barred from all his meetings except when held in his own constituency. He has suffered from the Suffragettes beyond the common lot of Cabinet Ministers, and his Albert Hall experiences have steeled his heart against the foe. Still, the Suffragettes are an inventive people; and it would be by no means surprising if, despite the utmost vigilance of the police, some of the more militant spirits were to bob up at one of his meetings disguised in close-cropped hair and bifurcations.

May we venture to hope that the London Hospital is not entering on a course of anæsthetic experiment on the living subject? If so, it must be said at once that their new anæsthetic has been either badly chosen or that the patient to whom it was administered, a woman, has been terribly unlucky. A victim of peritonitis, she was anæsthetised with "stovaine," the peculiarity of which is that it is not supposed to render the patient unconscious, but to exercise a purely local effect. Though fairly well known in other countries, it is almost new to surgical practitioners over here, and it made the patient so unconscious that she did not know where she was until she woke up in another world. The verdict of the jury in the case was that she died from misadventure, as, of course, she did—that being the usual way of dying under anæsthetics. But it is evident that "stovaine" has commenced its career at St. Thomas's under depressing auspices. Not being of the faculty, however, we have no suggestions to make; excepting that misadventures due to its future use in surgical operations should be made as infrequent as possible.

In the opinion of General von Bissing, an eminent German cavalry officer, Bobs is "quite too clear for him to be credited with such fears" as a Teutonic invasion of England. "Consequently," says the General, "the suspicion arises that the Field-Marshal was thinking less of the defence of his own country than of operations on continental soil." Let us whisper in the ear of the General. He has got it exactly. Bobs wants 100,000 British Territorials at a cost of £20,000,000 a year in order that he and Lord Charles Beresford between them

may sail the wintry sea on some dark and stormy night, blow up the whole German Empire, and put to flame and sword all the sauerkraut, Frankfurt sausage, and lager beer which offer resistance to their conquering arms. Bobs will not get his 100,000 men this Christmas, it is true, but by next he hopes to strike at the heart of the Fatherland till it weeps tears of blood at his feet. This is information direct from the Intelligence Department, and General von Bissing is welcome to make any use of it he pleases. Our prayer is that he will escape the general slaughter.

Apparently as a result of our remarks on the case of Charles Barnard, the sixteen-year-old Harwich lad who jumped in front of a train and saved a young girl from certain death, he is to be presented with the bronze medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by the Prince of Wales. At the time we wrote about the matter for our issue of November 28th last, it seemed likely that the "regrets" of the trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund that they could not make any award in the case for reasons given, would leave his brave act without recognition. Happily, we were able to revive the efforts of those who had interested themselves in securing some reward for him. "If," we said, "Harwich has not shown its appreciation of his bravery, it is about time it did." The *Mail* now assures us that "Harwich is proud of its boy hero." It ought to be, anyway.

There are two things on which the Scot is peculiarly touchy. You must not call him a Scotchman, and you must not use the word English if you intend to include the Scots. But it is surely carrying the national sensitiveness to the point of the ludicrous when a member of the House of Commons rises to move that the Scotch Education Department should be known, called, styled, intituled, and distinguished as the "Scottish Education Department." The hero of this proposed amendment is the member for Dumfries, Mr. Gulland, who in this matter is probably more Scottish than the Scots. It is a rule of good literature that you should never use a word of two syllables where one will serve the purpose. It is also a rule of common sense, because it saves breath, saves time, saves ink, and saves paper. Besides, as the Lord Advocate pointed out, the immortal Bobby himself never wrote "Scottish," but "Scotch"; and, he might have added, he also drank it.

WORRIED LOOKS.—VIII.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii. of Cover.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying in a sermon that "medical science had so progressed of late years that man had even made the lame to see and the blind to walk,"
THE BISHOP OF HULL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "it was a misty night, and the fog was quite dense, as is generally the case when the air is not clear,"
THE SUTTON HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "an experienced Nurse, to take charge of a young child between 30 and 35 years old,"
MR. CLARK, OF CHURCH TERRACE, ELY,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at the end of a report of a fatal accident "the festivities will last a week,"
THE EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For remarking, "I regret to see many old faces that are not present here to-night,"
A SPEAKER AT THE WELHAM BOWLING CLUB DINNER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the wind was at N.S.W.,
THE IPSWICH EVENING STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a performance of GOUNOD'S *"Lohengrin,"*
THE MANAGER OF BELFAST THEATRE ROYAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the little girls had big blue hats tied under the chin with their blue and white frocks,"
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Garraty, who is just 30 years of age, was born at Vauxhall, Birmingham, in 1783,"
THE SECRETARY OF THE PORTSMOUTH FOOTBALL CLUB
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following passage: "'I want her back. I love her,' replied the DEAD *man,"*
THE NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the boys were marched at the double round the hall to test their WALKING *powers,"*
THE DONCASTER GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Misses Curtis were charmingly attired in dresses of cream serge with plum-coloured hats to match,"
THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the King is suffering from a slight attack of Lord Glenesk,"
THE OLDHAM STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For announcing "*MR. *I. Shackshaft, of a daughter,"*
THE WELLINGTON JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the House of Lords that Germany could collect an Army of 200,000 in the North Sea Ports without mobilization methods,
LORD ROBERTS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the prize for UNDERGRADUATES *is awarded to Rupert Harold Willey, B.A., of Caius College,"*
THE CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S "CONTEMPT."

Writ of attachment ordered—but to lie in the office for a month, and not to be executed if £300 paid—Mr. Bottomley considering which course he will adopt.

A rule nisi calling upon Mr. Bottomley to show cause why an attachment should not be issued against him in respect of certain matter appearing in John Bull relating to the pending prosecution, Rex v. Bottomley, came before Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Walton, sitting as a Divisional Court, on Friday, the 18th inst.

Mr. Bottomley: I understand, my Lords, that I am here to show cause why a writ of attachment should not issue against me for contempt "in publishing or causing to be published in a newspaper called John Bull certain comments calculated to prejudice the proper trial both of certain proceedings against myself and others now pending before Sir George Smallman, an Alderman of the City of London and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City, and also of any further or other charge or charges, bill or bills of indictment which may be founded on such proceedings."

The Antecedent Circumstances.

Now, my Lords, as the consequences of such a motion, if successful, might be very serious to me, I am sure your Lordships will grant me a few moments' indulgence if, before reading an affidavit I have filed, I ask your Lordships' permission just to state very shortly the circumstances leading up to the position in which I find myself now; and in doing so, my Lords, I will studiously refrain from stating anything as a fact which is disputed by anybody, so that your Lordships shall not suspect me of taking advantage of my position here to prejudice any proceedings which may be going on elsewhere.

My Lords, the facts very shortly are these:—There is at the present moment pending, a prosecution instituted by the department of the Public Prosecutor against myself and certain other defendants, and a preliminary inquiry is now being held at the Guildhall under the presidency of one of the Aldermen, Sir George Smallman. The prosecution arises out of the affairs of a company of which I was chairman, called the Joint Stock Trust and Financial Corporation, Limited. That company went into voluntary liquidation towards the end of 1905, and was placed in compulsory liquidation in May, of 1906. From the time of the compulsory liquidation down to the end of the year 1907, a great deal of feeling arose and existed between the officials of the Winding-up Department of the Board of Trade, who had charge of the liquidation, and myself; and those differences of opinion were the subject of a great deal of correspondence—correspondence in one aspect of the matter between the Law Officers of the Crown and myself (the learned Attorney-General being then Solicitor-General)—correspondence with the President of the Board of Trade, and interviews even between the then Director of Public Prosecutions and myself, in regard to grievances which I imagined I had against certain officials of the Winding-up Department.

A Departmental Inquiry.

I believe some departmental inquiry ensued, and of course I know nothing as to what was the result of that; but at the end of 1907 (I am taking the facts very shortly if your Lordships will permit me) an Order was obtained in the liquidation proceedings for my public examination. That Order, as your Lordships know, can only be obtained after a Report has been filed with the Court by the Official Receiver in which he must allege some fraud on the part of the director against whom he seeks the Order. The Official Receiver in this case having filed his Report, the Order was made for my examination. That occupied practically the month of October in 1907. Again, my Lords, without raising any contest of fact, I simply say generally that the Report contained various and serious allegations of fraud against me, and those allegations were the subject of the investigation at the public examination.

An Abandoned Charge.

I think I am entitled my Lords to say this—that they were charges considerably more extensive than those which are now the subject of investigation, and the only one point I desire to refer to—for a reason that your Lordships will appreciate in a moment—is this: that amongst other charges was one that as director of this Company I had applied its funds to the payment of my own private debts, and had concealed the fact by false book entries, and so on. That was the last matter gone into. A good deal of warmth arose in connection with it, and when, as I thought, I had successfully disposed of the charges, the Official Receiver said that there were plenty of others, but that he had put in as many as he thought necessary in his Report. The examination concluded. Shortly afterwards, considering myself aggrieved by the charges in the Report, I instituted an action for libel against the Official Receiver. A little later on the question was raised as to whether such Report was not privileged; the Court held that it was, and so the action was discontinued.

A Lull.

That brought me down to the beginning of 1908, when, rightly or wrongly, I assumed that the matter was closed, and that I was not likely to hear anything more of it. I then applied myself to my Parliamentary and journalistic work, and for a considerable time I had no reason to think that any further proceedings were contemplated. Then rumours became rife that they were contemplated, and in my own paper I made various references to them, in terms which I do not read to your Lordships now, because it might be thought I was taking advantage of my position to prejudice officials who are not present; but I gave my version of the influences which were at work behind the contemplated proceedings.

The Summons Served.

Then, my Lords, the next thing which happened was that, after the lapse of nearly a year, a summons was served upon me towards the end of November to appear at the Guildhall to answer a charge of conspiracy, which embraced some of the charges made in the Official Receiver's Report. Upon that summons being served I duly appeared at the Guildhall, and the learned counsel, Mr. Horace Avory, who is leading for the prosecution, made his opening speech, which occupied the better portion of the first day. That speech was, of course, of a comprehensive and of a very serious character, because it contained detailed items of alleged offences, and naturally it was very extensively published in all the newspapers. Before adjourning, the learned Alderman who presides over the proceedings intimated that he should be satisfied, at that stage at any rate, with my own recognisances to appear.

Newspaper Misrepresentation.

The same night—and this is one point that I am going very respectfully to strongly urge upon the consideration of the Court—the same night certain newspapers, amongst others one which (if I may say so without any personal disrespect) I feel sure the learned Attorney-General frequently sees, at any rate, namely, the *Westminster Gazette*, came out with the following announcement:—"Serious Charges Against Mr. Bottomley; Heavy Bail Demanded." I have told your Lordships—there is no controversy about this—that no bail was ever suggested or applied for; yet there was this headline: "Heavy Bail Demanded." That, as your Lordships will readily understand, distressed me very considerably, because it brought an enormous number of inquiries to me and caused a great deal of comment; the natural inference in the mind of the public being that, on the mere statement of the learned counsel, and the mere calling of the first witness, the case looked so serious that the Alderman was not disposed to release me without heavy bail. The next morning another newspaper, which I fancy the learned Attorney-General also frequently sees, namely, the *Daily News*, came out heading its report (I have the cuttings here; I am only stating the facts), in even more glaring style:—"Grave Accusations of Fraud Against Mr. Bottomley; Heavy Bail." That was the position the day after the commencement of this prosecution.

Authorities' Inaction.

Now, my Lords, if it be an offence, as I suppose it must be, for any newspaper or any person to do anything calculated to influence the mind of a jury, surely statements of that kind, utterly at variance with the fact—statements of that serious character are more calculated than anything I have ever said, or contemplated saying, to prejudice the minds of a possible jury against me. And, though I carefully refrain from saying anything that I have no right to say, in the presence of your Lordships, on the purely legal aspects of the matter, I have made it my business to look a little bit into the history of this wonderful jurisdiction of the Court, and what I do find is that in all the dicta of all the Judges on this subject of contempt the prejudicing of mankind and the public "against" a man under a charge is that which is regarded as the most serious form of contempt of Court. I can find no dictum of any learned Judge to the effect that the statement of an accused party himself that he is innocent of the charge, or the placing by the accused party of his version of the facts before the public, is in any way a serious contempt of Court. But, be that as it may, at any rate, what I desire to say upon the matter is this: that, somehow or other, that very serious error in these two important newspapers escaped the notice of the Public Prosecutor and escaped the notice of the learned Attorney-General; because otherwise, if they have taken the view that what I have put forward is calculated to prejudice a jury in my favour, I am quite certain that they would have taken action in respect of these grave misstatements circulated broadcast, calculated so seriously to prejudice a jury the other way.

Mr. Bottomley's Indignation.

Now, my Lords, under those circumstances and having regard to the strong view I entertain, whether rightly or wrongly (I know this is not the time to go into it, and therefore I will say no more than that), that behind this prosecution there are circumstances entitling me to feel indignation at its establishment—that, in the words of this article, there is something "dirty" behind it—I am only stating and endeavouring to do so judicially and calmly, my honest and strong view. And I do desire to say, here and now, that when I use the language I have, I do not reflect, do not intend to reflect, and your Lordships of course would not permit me to reflect in the slightest upon the learned and distinguished Attorney-General or upon the distinguished official who is now in Court who occupies the position of Public Prosecutor. But, that behind them and at the genesis of this prosecution there are matters of grave concern to be gone into, I solemnly assert, and that is a source of burning irritation to me.

A GREAT STRAIN.

That being the state of things, and there being many other statements in the newspapers quite as serious as those that I have been reading—such as, "Confidential Clerk's Revelations," "What the Clerk Saw," and a number of things which are the subject of dispute—I naturally felt, as your Lordships will understand, very much aggrieved and very much hurt; and coupled with that was this: that, so complicated and intricate and ancient are the material facts in this case, that it is quite impossible for me to do otherwise than, at this stage at any rate, to conduct my own defence, which throws a very serious strain upon me. In addition to that I have the interests of my co-defendants—two of whom are simply clerks and the other of whom is an official of the company—to consider. I have, to a large extent, to get ready the facts for their defence; all that is quite apart from the financial burden cast upon me. Under all those circumstances, what happened was this: I will read a short affidavit in a moment which will show your Lordships exactly how it occurred and what I did.

AN ANTIDOTE.

The learned Alderman has been sitting every week all day on Mondays and Tuesdays; recently that has been extended, but Mondays and Tuesdays have always been set apart for this case. The paper JOHN BULL is published on Thursday. The learned counsel the Attorney-General told your Lordships that the paper has a large circulation, and therefore I may say that for that reason it has to go to press on Monday evening; there is no question about that; that is the custom of the paper. I had arranged, before this particular number went to press, for a descriptive account of the case to appear; and I should be dishonest if I disguised from your Lordships the fact that I had made it clearly my desire that that account should, as far as it possibly could, be written in such a shape as to act as an antidote to those erroneous statements which had been so widely circulated and were doing me such infinite injury. The report was sent in on the Monday. I had also arranged with the cartoonist of the paper that he should draw some cartoon which he considered appropriate to a little leaderette which I wrote, and for which I assume the fullest responsibility. The learned Attorney-General, when he was applying for the Rule, said that he did not attach much importance to that. The artist, with that leaderette before him, was instructed, as I say, to prepare a cartoon, and he did so in accordance with our custom. My Lords, I will just read this little leaderette. After thanking a certain member of the Bar for a kindly reference he had made to me at a meeting in my own constituency, I went on "to express gratitude to numerous other public men for expressions of sympathy and encouragement, including three from prominent members of the Opposition, and two from members of the Cabinet—who are apparently desirous of dissociating themselves from the dirty work of which we are the temporary victim." Whether or not that is an improper phrase to use, it was before the artist who was commissioned to draw a cartoon consistent with the spirit of the paragraph. All that I knew—as my affidavit will satisfy your Lordships in a moment—all I knew when I went into Court on Monday was that in some way it was proposed to adapt the figure of Justice which is, I understand, outside the new Central Criminal Court, to the spirit of that cartoon. My Lords, I am engaged all day defending myself; the Court sits till nearly five. After the rising of the Court I am engaged with learned counsel (some of whom are behind me now) and solicitors, in the interests of my co-defendants. I did not till Tuesday see an early print of the paper. I am in the habit of seeing an early print of the paper early on Tuesday, just as in the ordinary way on the Monday evening I see the final proofs of the paper; whilst this case is on I am unable to do that, because they are passed whilst I am still in Court.

AN ACCUSED PERSON'S RIGHTS.

Now, my Lords, having cleared up that much, before I read the affidavit I do desire to say this; that the sole motive that actuated me in anything I wrote or in anything that I allowed to be printed was to suggest that behind the institution of the pending prosecution itself there was something unclean—something impure. As I say distinctly and definitely—not in any way, of course, involving the distinguished gentlemen who are present in Court—I thought, and subject to your Lordships' correction I shall go on thinking, that an accused person speaking for himself, and especially a man occupying any public position, is entitled to say to all the world, "I am innocent of these charges"; he is entitled to say to all the world how, according to his view, they come to be made against him. He is prejudicing nobody's trial but his own. If he is prejudicing it in his favour, I ask your Lordships what is to prevent me, if I had the time, personally canvassing every man in London—going round to him and saying, "I am seriously distressed at these charges hanging over me; they are unfounded, and there are influences behind the prosecution of an improper character, and it is not a *bonâ fide* prosecution"?

My Lords, I press that very strongly also for this reason; that nowadays the Press report all legal proceedings so fully that a preliminary investigation before a Justice is reproduced *in extenso*. The learned counsel, Mr. Avory, who, there is no question, opened the case a little higher than he now feels he was justified in doing—because he has since stated in Court that he made a mistake in regard to one important matter—he made his long, his strong statement. In no case can I put my answer to that statement, even if it is put at all before the Alderman, until the end of this case, which is some months to come. For all those months I have to rest under the shadow of these charges. That being so, I felt that I was justified in saying at once, to those who were entitled to an explanation from me, that which no one will dispute I shall have the right to say later to the learned Alderman. Therefore, if my offence is that I have made statements calculated to prejudice the jury in my favour—assuming that the case ever goes for trial—it means that I have done it prematurely—that I have not done it under the protection of the Alderman's Court. I think, my Lords, with profound respect, that seems to be the sum total of my offence; because nothing I have said in my paper is stronger or as strong perhaps as I shall say when I come to address the learned Alderman. What I am desirous to tell your Lordships is this, that in the cartoon which appeared, nothing was further from my thought or intention than in any way to suggest, as I hope I shall never be capable of suggesting, that the administration of justice in this Court could be besmirched. I hope I am the last man in the world who could be capable of making such a suggestion as that. What I did mean to suggest was, that the prosecution itself was dirty. I desire also to disclaim any idea of throwing any kind of reflection upon the learned Alderman, who has been conducting the Inquiry with such care and fairness. I now ask your Lordships to look at a short affidavit I have filed.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S AFFIDAVIT.

Mr. JUSTICE BIGHAM: The first seven paragraphs appear to be nothing more than what you have said.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: If your Lordship pleases. Then, my Lord, I will read paragraph eight: "When, on Tuesday, the 8th inst., I first saw a complete print of the paper containing the descriptive article and cartoon and the 'Open Telegram' to Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., I at once instructed the printers to print no further copies of the issue, with the result that some orders from the wholesale trade were not completed, they being informed that the number was out of print." Upon that paragraph, may I just reiterate that the Attorney-General was wrong in thinking that this issue has been extensively pushed? As a matter of fact, its circulation was curtailed by my own act, and a very large number of copies were withheld from the wholesale trade; my reason being that I thought—without it ever occurring to me that the cartoon could reflect on this Court—I thought it might be capable of being construed into a reflection on the alderman who was trying the case. Then paragraph nine:—"On Monday last I was again busily engaged before the alderman in the conduct of my defence, and it was not till late at night that I saw a rough print in the current week's issue containing the second descriptive article of the Guildhall proceedings"—your Lordships will remember, no Rule had been applied for then; that was on the Monday—"and although that was written in a much less partial tone, I at once gave instructions for it to be withdrawn and for the destruction of the plates which had been prepared for the printing machines—a step which involves very considerable expense and trouble."

Mr. JUSTICE BIGHAM: That was some other publication?

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: That was the following number—the current week's issue, which came out yesterday, and in only a portion of which, if at all, any reference to the case appears. Then the affidavit goes on:—"I further gave directions that no cartoons or sketches in any way bearing upon the case should be inserted, with the result that several which had been prepared were returned to the artist." My point is that, before I had any means of knowing that this Rule was being applied for, I had come to the conclusion that perhaps in the circumstances it would be better that no reference whatever should be made to the case. Then I say in paragraph 10:—"The institution of the pending proceedings has disorganized the whole of my business arrangements and rendered it quite impossible for me to give the detailed supervision in the production of the journal which it has been my habit to apply. Otherwise, I would certainly not have passed some of the matter complained of, notwithstanding that I am working under very great physical and mental tension, intensified by my knowledge of my own innocence and the fact that the investigation of the charges against me will apparently occupy a very prolonged period; that it must be several months at least before my answer to the case can be made known, and that in the meantime I am obliged to suspend my duties as a member of the House of Commons; the whole of my business affairs are utterly disorganized, and a heavy financial burden in connection with the defence of my co-defendants is cast upon me." Then I say that I accept full responsibility for the little editorial note which I read to your Lordships just now, which the learned Attorney-General said he did not attach much importance to, and then I finally tell your Lordships that: "I have given definite instructions that for the future no comment of any description, whether pictorial or otherwise, shall appear in JOHN BULL bearing upon or in any way relating to the prosecution."

THE ARTICLE.

My Lords, there is only one other point. As regards the articles themselves, what I desire to say is this. There are several phrases in them which I admit frankly are capable (quite apart from the question of influencing a jury, as to which I have said all I have to say) of being construed by your Lordships as somewhat—"scandalising the Court" is the phrase in many of the authorities, and to that extent of course I am bound to say that I am deeply sorry,—I express my regret. There is a phrase at the top of the article, for instance, "Our

Editor a raging 'Favourite.'" Well, that is a journalistic phrase; it is colloquial in its character; I suppose it means that in the view of the writer of this article the general opinion of the public is that the defendant will succeed in vindicating his innocence; and, my Lords, when I read from other papers which had remained unimpeached by the Public Prosecutor, "Serious Charges," "Grave Allegations," "Heavy Bail," if I took the converse of that and said in my paper "Charges not serious," "No bail asked for," the Public Prosecutor would have been just as justified, I suppose, in saying that that was just as much a contempt of court. I do not like the phrase, because it tends to indicate too concisely that I am winning the case before it is fairly opened. On the other hand, it is my own paper; I am speaking to my own constituency. Most of the sentences, so far as they are objectionable, are really more in the nature of somewhat fulsome references to myself—which I do not appreciate, because until the appearance of this article I can sincerely say that I have never allowed my name to be mentioned in the paper in any such sense; I suppose it was the writer's idea that such language would please me. So far as the statements of fact are concerned, I do not think anyone can complain that every charge against me is not stated without comment in the most complete and bald form; but there are phrases in the article which I do not pretend to defend, from the point of view of the dignity of the Court before whom the case may come.

The Cartoon.

The cartoon, to my mind, cannot be construed as being a reflection on the administration of justice by the High Court; I do not believe anybody in the world would regard it in that sense; anyone looking at it in conjunction with my paragraph would see that it was meant to indicate, not very gracefully perhaps, that this was a "dirty" prosecution.

Other Complaints.

There is one other matter; that is, a postcard addressed to "Horace Avory, K.C., Guildhall." There is a section of the paper which is called "Open Letters, Postcards and Telegrams," and it is one of these that the learned Attorney-General read to your Lordships. It simply said: "Congratulations on first witness in Rex v. Bottomley." Now, I have been wondering whether that could be said to be "terrorising the witness." But, my Lord, this is a Treasury prosecution; the learned Counsel, of course, has a large choice of evidence; and, inasmuch as, without any dispute, the first witness called was a discharged clerk (there is no dispute about that), who admitted himself that he did not go and make any statement until he had failed to receive a response to a letter demanding money, and saying: "I hope you will not ignore this letter; I say no more for the present"—I think that I was entitled to say, in a free country to the learned Counsel representing the Treasury, "Well, your first witness is not of that type, the evidence is not of that character, which one would expect to justify your very strong opening." At the same time, of course, I feel that one ought not to say anything which in any way brings ridicule or even sarcasm upon a prosecution; although, my Lords, I cannot get out of my mind that I am not at present on my trial; that I am simply the subject of investigation by a Justice of the Peace as to whether or not I shall be sent to trial. I did feel—perhaps I was wrong—that at this stage of the proceedings, inasmuch as my lips are closed for many months—that I was justified in saying, as I believed, to my own constituency (I do not use that word only in a Parliamentary sense, but to my readers and also to my Parliamentary constituency) what my view of the case was. I may be wrong—I do not know—but I considered that, being the accused party, I had some sort of license and latitude which, as a journalist, I should not have in regard to anybody else's case. I felt that I was entitled to say anything that I felt I ought to say about my own innocence and about the charges being brought against me. I felt that I could say in the paper what I could say by word of mouth to anybody I met in the streets, and what I should certainly say to my constituents.

All that being so, my Lords, I can only say that if, in my strong sense of injustice regarding the circumstances behind the prosecution; if, in my desire to impeach the *bonâ fides* of that prosecution, I have in any way trespassed upon the domain of the dignity of this Court, I desire to say—I am bound to say, however innocent I am of entertaining any such intention—that I am sincerely sorry, and I offer the Court all such apology as I can and ought to make. Under the circumstances I can say no more. I leave the matter in your Lordships' hands.

Attorney-General's Speech.

The Attorney-General: My Lords, I need scarcely say that the affidavit Mr. Bottomley has now put in, and the tone of the observations he has just addressed to the Court, dispose myself and those appearing on behalf of the Crown by no means to press this case hardly and unduly against him. One cannot fail to recognise that not merely Mr. Bottomley but every defendant, in what promises to be a very protracted litigation and which is preceded by a long preliminary inquiry, suffers, no doubt, some hardship from the circumstances of the law as it now stands in having the case for the prosecution published before he is able to give full publicity and lucidity to his own case for the defence; he is able, no doubt, to put his points in cross-examination, but that is not the same thing as conducting his case. If Mr. Bottomley had been content with merely stating his case in some way that would not reflect upon the character of the prosecution in such a degree as to bring the prosecution itself unduly into contempt, or to attack the character of witnesses, of course the Crown would have taken no action whatever; but he has gone beyond the latitude that he has claimed for himself, so far as the statement of his case is concerned. But, one is now disposed to recognise that, after all, the circumstances are of a character to put a strain on his patience and self-restraint. That does not excuse him, and I do not understand that in his speech to your Lordships he has sought to excuse himself in the proper sense of the term; he has sought rather to extenuate than to justify; and, what is more important in the view I have to present, he does not indicate any desire or intention to persist in a course of conduct so detrimental to the interests of justice. On the contrary, he tells us he has given earnest of his better frame of mind in what he has done as to this week's issue, and further he says in paragraph 12: "I have given definite instructions that for the future no comment of any description, whether pictorial or otherwise, shall appear in John Bull bearing upon, or in any way relating to the prosecution." That, of course, satisfies the immediate and the principal object which those acting on behalf of the Crown have had in asking for this Rule. We desire throughout the course of this trial, which bids fair to be lengthy, that there shall be no more of this comment so prejudicial to the interests of justice in regard to the class from which jurors are drawn and from which witnesses are drawn. In modern times, in fact, at all times, English law has been dependent upon the general public for its principal tribunal on matters of fact—juries; it has been dependent also on the voluntary action of witnesses in coming forward to aid justice, and therefore it is essential, according to our ideas of justice—absolutely essential—that the public should not be inflamed for or against any particular party to a litigation by the action of the Press. It is not a mere question of giving news; it is something more than that with which justice is concerned, so far as press comments may affect pending litigation. That general point of view, happily, it is not necessary to defend against Mr. Bottomley, because Mr. Bottomley acknowledges its force, and promises in future not to offend against the rule which is founded on that principle. I do not think I need, under these circumstances, look very critically into the statements in the affidavit or into whatever extenuations Mr. Bottomley may have pleaded; I don't think it is necessary that I should do so. The whole case is before your Lordships, and I have only to say that, in view of the turn it has now taken, the Crown do not press for any undue punishment, or anything more than whatever your Lordships may consider a proper assertion of the interests of justice.

Judgment.

Mr. Justice Bigham: We wish it to be understood that the course which we are taking in this case is not to influence in any way the proceedings that are at present pending before the Magistrate. We do not express (and indeed we are not in a position to express) any opinion of any kind upon the merits of the charges pending against Mr. Bottomley. We have only to deal with the question which is before us, namely, whether Mr. Bottomley has been guilty, in connection with the publication which has been put in evidence on this application, of a contempt of Court.

In the case before us there is no doubt that most improper comments were made in the newspaper upon pending proceedings; and, speaking for myself, I have no doubt at all that a serious contempt of Court was thereby committed. Mr. Bottomley has, in the address which he has made to us, as I understand (and I hope I understood him rightly), expressed his regret for those comments as far as they exceed fair and reasonable observations upon his position, and I am glad that he has taken that course. But, at the same time, I think it is our duty to mark by our Judgment our disapprobation of what has been done. The Writ of Attachment must go, but we shall order it to lie in the office for a period which will enable Mr. Bottomley to comply with the further Order we make, which is that he pay a fine to the Crown of £300, and the costs of these proceedings.

Now, Mr. Bottomley, will you tell us what length of time, if any, you will require for the purpose of paying the fine?

Mr. Bottomley: Do I understand your Lordship's Judgment to mean that if for any reason the fine is not paid the Writ of Attachment issues and I presume I go to prison pending your Lordships' pleasure? Is that the result?

Mr. Justice Bigham: That is a course which we are anxious, if possible, I may say, should be avoided, and it is for that reason we wish to give you an opportunity of complying with our Order for the payment of the fine.

Mr. Bottomley: I appreciate that, and am grateful to your Lordship for thinking of it from that point of view. Your Lordships appreciate that I am acting as my own counsel in regard to all these proceedings, and the matter is a vital one as far as I am concerned. I do not think I can say any more than thank your Lordships for any period you may allow for the payment of the fine. I should like, if I may, not disrespectfully to the Court, to have the opportunity during that period of considering which of the two alternative penalties I should adopt.

Mr. Justice Bigham: Of course you can, during the time the Writ is lying in the office, make up your mind as to the course you will take. We shall allow this Writ to lie in the office for a month; if during that time you have any other application to make to us, you can make it. The Order will be for payment of the fine and the costs.

Mr. Bottomley: If your Lordship pleases.

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HIS LITTLE LIST.

A TOO TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Walter Moore.

Mr. Jonathan Grimbraid, sole surviving partner of the firm of Grimbraid, Grimbraid and Attletree, Merchants, of the City of London, struck the bell that stood upon his sumptuously appointed writing-table with the decision and energy that characterized him.

"Come, come, Harley, ar'n't the letters finished?" he exclaimed, impatiently swinging round in his padded chair as the door of the *sanctum sanctorum* was quietly opened. "You know I am in a hurry to get away this morning."

"Won't be many minutes, sir," briskly replied the clerk.

"You'd better not," growled Mr. Grimbraid. "Here it is twelve o'clock, and to-morrow Christmas Day. You must be sharp, sir; you must look alive, sir-r; they should have been finished long ago."

"And now you are here," continued the principal, as Harley turned to leave the private office, "just fasten those parcels together, and fix them to that mat basket. No, no—not the birds; I can carry them as they are.

"By the way, Harley," proceeded Mr. Grimbraid gruffly, as the clerk made a neat bundle of a number of small packages, "the *firm*"—he cherished the fiction—"will not be giving the usual bonuses this year. Trade has been too bad, sir, too bad—and expenses must be cut down in *some* direction. That'll do. Now look alive with the letters."

"Very good, sir," faltered the pale clerk, hesitating for a moment with his hand on the door-knob.

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for?" demanded Mr. Grimbraid, swinging round fiercely in his chair.

"I was going to ask——" nervously began the clerk.

"Oh, don't bother me just now—speak to me after Christmas," said Mr. Grimbraid hurriedly.

Harley withdrew with a flushed face, leaving his employer to tick off the items on a list that lay upon his blotting-pad.

"Turkey—right; pheasants, chocolates, crackers—right. Now there's Geraldine's bangle and the boy's watch to get, and—ah, I think that's all." And with a grunt of satisfaction, Mr. Grimbraid slipped the list into his breast-pocket.

"The letters, sir," said Harley, entering hurriedly and standing, with his pale face more pale than usual, at Grimbraid's elbow, while that worthy gentleman rapidly scrawled "the firm's" illegible signature in the places appointed.

"There you are, Harley. Be here at nine sharp on Monday morning—confound Christmasses and Bank Holidays—and—er—you may take a cigar from *that* box—I think there is one left. A Merry Christmas to you!"

Whereupon Mr. Grimbraid rose from his chair, gathered his parcels together, passed through the murky little outer office, leaving a cloud of fragrant tobacco-smoke in his wake, and descended to the street, where he hailed a passing hansom, and the next moment was carried out of sight and out of this story.

* * * * * *

Harley returned slowly to his desk in the outer office, bearing the letters in his tremulous hand. Mechanically he perched himself on his well-worn stool, and, picking up a pen, proceeded to address the envelopes.

He was alone. He was usually alone in that murky, stuffy little office, giving the best of his life and energy cheerfully, ungrudgingly, in exchange for the munificent sum of thirty pieces of silver weekly.

Not a sumptuous salary for a man of thirty-five, you say?

Alas! charitable but inexperienced reader, many a cleverer and older man than Harley is toiling even harder than he for less in this City of London to-day, and bread-winner withal.

But Harley—may we justly count him selfish if, as his pen flew swiftly from envelope to envelope, he thought not of other toilers like himself, but of a cheerfully patient little woman, and two pretty boys, who were looking eagerly for his homecoming that night?

Surely not; for he also had a list upon his desk. It was only a humble little list; there were no pheasants, no turkeys, no watches and bangles among its scant items. Only a "small joint of beef," some oranges and nuts, a toy and a picture-book for the little lads, and a little present for that patient, loving wife, who made existence, even on thirty pieces of silver weekly, a joy for him.

How long and how earnestly had they talked over the making up of that little list! What shouts of delight, they had said, would welcome the toy and the picture-book on Christmas morning!

Alas! trade had been bad, and *someone* must bear the brunt.

Can we justly call it weakness if Harley buried his face in his hands and sobbed?

It may have been. Yet, fifteen years of faithful service surely deserved something better than this.

"The *firm* have decided to give no bonuses—trade has been too bad." The words rang in his head with wretched persistence. Had he but have known in time he might, by saving here and pinching there, have saved enough to make Christmas a little like Christmas for those dear ones at home. He would even have ventured to ask for his month's salary, or some portion of it, had not those cold eyes frozen the request ere he could utter it.

How could he meet those expectant faces empty-handed?

* * * * * *

The cheery bells of St. Mary Axe broke in upon his thoughts. Picking up his little list, wet and blurred with tears, he slowly tore it to pieces.

And it seemed to him that his heart was torn as well.

THE PARABLE OF A JOKE.

A gardener while hoeing in his garden found a joke. Overjoyed, he ran into the house to show his wife. But they had been married many years, and she said:

"Oh, don't worry me. I am busy."

So the gardener went out to show his joke to others.

The first man he met was an earnest clergyman, and to him he said:

"I have found a joke. Do you like it?"

The clergyman glanced at it and said:

"To me it seems very indecent," and walked on.

The gardener was very puzzled at this, and stood scratching his head. As he stood so he heard the sound of laughter, and turning round, saw a man holding his sides and wagging his head.

"My friend," said he to this man, "why do you laugh?"

"Am I not laughing at your joke?" said the man. "It was fine fun to see you accost the clergyman on such a pretext."

And he laughed more heartily than before. The gardener scratched his head again and went on. In a while he met a poet, and said to him:

"Would you like to see a joke that I have found?"

The poet took some paper from his pocket and replied:

"I will first read you a poem of my own composition."

The gardener went away sorrowfully.

"Now," he said to himself, "I see that I am mistaken. This cannot be a joke since no man can see it. I will go home again to my garden and my wife."

So saying, he flung the joke from him and returned home. But an unemployed and very ragged philosopher who had followed him unseen, searched for the joke.

"It seems to me a good joke," he said, as he searched. And when he had found it he saw that it was a good joke and took it away with him. He spent twelve months examining it and then divided it into many fragments.

Then having stolen twenty pounds from a rich man, he hired rooms in the busiest part of the city and exhibited the fragments, labelling them plainly. A great many paid money to laugh at them, and the philosopher grew rich and fat. One morning the gardener came to look at the biggest fragment, and was greatly astonished.

"Why," he said, "this is part of my joke that I found."

"No," said the philosopher, "it is my joke, for I found it."

"That is a lie," said the gardener, angrily, "I found it while I hoed in my garden. Give me half your profits."

"That I will not do; you must go away," said the philosopher.

Then the gardener pushed the people who were around him, and cried:

"This rich man is a cheat. He robs the poor."

But most of the people were laughing at the jokes and paid no heed, and those that were afar off shouted "Silence."

The gardener refused to be silent, but shouted the more, and so was taken to the police court. There he was sentenced to imprisonment for seven days, and a journalist who wrote an account of all that happened received three pounds from various newspapers at the end of the same week.

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THE WANDERER WHO WASN'T.

OR, "THE DICKENS! SO IT SIMS!"

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER STORY.

By Richard Morton.

It is Christmas Eve in London. Probably the date is the same in other places. In large, frequent flakes the snow is coming down. Funny how it comes down, is it not? It would be such a break in the monotony to see it go up.

But we may see, if we look in the right direction, the figure of yon man pacing rather unsteadily beneath the lamps that skirt the roadway between Hyde Park Corner and the Arch of Marble. Not an old man, you would say, at the first look. Not a young man, you would say, if you glanced again. Probably, if you looked a third time, you would toss for it.

He is a man with a beard, and he is dressed in rough seaman's clothes. His hands are in his pockets, and he has little else in them, if truth must be known.

He has come from Victoria Station. That is why he is crossing Hyde Park at this late hour of the evening.

He had arrived at Victoria Station (this tale appears to be told backwards, but it really is not so, if you read on; if it is, it is not our fault; things happen backwards sometimes) because he had just sufficient money left to pay his fare from Grimsby, at which port he landed but yesterday. It is not for us to explain how this stranger got into a train at Grimsby and got out of it at Victoria; the seeker after knowledge must consult the stars. Or Bradshaw.

He lurches somewhat in his gait, and he stares around him at the lights, the trees, the railings, the people, as though they are things familiar, yet unfamiliar, derelicts adrift in the sea of a forgotten past.

And so it is. All is new, yet old—old, yet new. Even the policeman on the point is a paradox. He is part of the past, but of the present. "Pass along, please," he says, and the man passes along, even as all things pass.

Harold Langworthy has come home again.

Back from the beyond he comes. Hither from way-back. From the ends of the world to London. From the other side of nowhere to the Marble Arch. From the eternal snows to Hyde Park—where it is snowing still. Harold Langworthy has come back from death—to Bayswater. It is almost the same thing.

Outside a large house he takes his stand, and gazes curiously up at the gaily illuminated windows. There is a sound of revelry by night. The chink of glasses, the light laughter of youth, the haw-haw of age, the savoury incense of the kitchen, pour out upon the nipping and the eager air.

And just then a merry peal smites upon his ear, a peal of wild, jingling, clanging, musical bells—a riotous symphony, a confused harmony of sound, a triple-bob-major and a laughing chime that runs up the scale and down it again. It is Christmas Eve, and the Christmas bells are telling of the joy and the jubilation of the season.

Harold takes a long breath of sheer delight. It seems like an intoxication of his senses. Perhaps this other policeman thinks so, too, for he taps Harold on the shoulder and bids him, in stereotyped phrase, "Pass along, please."

But Harold does not budge. Instead, he laughs silently, secretly, and then, finding voice, replies: "No, not this time, thank you. This is the end of the journey."

Ring out, wild bells! Mingle your melody with the swirling snowflakes, peal your message of peace and joy and goodwill into an atmosphere that crackles with frost and echoes with laughter. For Harold Langworthy is home again.

Slowly, as though desiring to make his pleasure last long, to put off fulfilment for a space because expectation is so perfect, he mounts the steps—he, the shabby man in sailor's slops—and knocks almost furtively at the door.

When it is opened the servant eyes him askance. "Nothing this evening, thank you," she says; and is about to close the door.

But he has put his best foot foremost, and the door will not close upon a boot like that.

"Excuse me, Mary," he says, "but I have lost my key."

It is seven long years since he saw that key, and this is not Mary at all. Mary has had about eight situations since then. This is Jane, and Jane is haughty.

"Go away," she says. "We don't want anything to-night."

"Is Mrs. Langworthy at home?" he asks, huskily.

"Yes," says Jane, rather surprised that he should know the name. "But she won't see you. She's got a party on."

"And—the child?"

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"The child?" echoes Jane, more surprised than ever. "Do you mean the children?"

"The—children?" It is his turn to echo.

"Yes; there's three children here—Master Edward, Miss Edith, and Miss Ethel."

Three? Three! There was but one when he left home, seven years ago.

"Two of them is twins," proceeds the maid. He gives up being startled. "How old are the twins?" he gasps.

"Six years and six months," says the girl. "They was born six months after their father went away."

He breathes again. Of course, he has never really left off breathing, but the thing must be put in that way in stories like this. So—he breathes again, and staggers into the hall. "Tell your mistress I must see her at once, or sooner. Go, girl, go!"

* * * * * * *

In those halls of dazzling delight upstairs—they have taken down the partition between the back and front drawing-rooms—there is a gay and fashionable crowd assembled. Mrs. Langworthy, in a low-neck dress and a new transformation, is the centre of attraction. It is her custom to give a party on Christmas Eve, and this occasion is more than usually happy, for the grass widow's finances are improving, as shall be seen.

More than one bachelor ogles her with a glittering and gloating eye, wishful to take the plunge, ready to jump in if tolerably sure he would not find himself in cold water.

Presently there comes an interloper. Jane appears on the threshold, with frightened face, beckoning to her mistress.

"What is it, Jane?" she whispers.

The housemaid tells her of a strange man in strange garb, a rough, bearded fellow, awaiting her in the dining-room. She clutches at her heart, but her stays are in the way. She gasps for breath. Some foreboding of impending evil appals her.

Mechanically she leaves the giddy throng. Mechanically she wends her way down the echoing staircase. Mechanically she turns a handle, enters the dining-room, and—very much alive now—promptly shuts the door behind her.

For she sees what she expected to see. She sees a ghost risen from the dead. He has also risen from his chair.

He moves towards her, his strong arms outstretched. "Lucilla!" he murmurs. And there is a world of appeal, of passionate entreaty in his voice, husky as it is.

She tries to retreat, but her back is against the door, stopping up the keyhole in case Jane might be listening, so she cannot retreat far.

And then her speech struggles for utterance, and will not be denied. No woman struggles in vain for speech. Like murder, it will out. "Harold" she cries.

"Yes," he assents.

"You have returned?"

"No. I have come back," he assures her.

"Then you are not dead?"

"No," he cries, gladly, "I am not dead. I have come back to you and home and the boy. And"—he adds as an afterthought—"and to the twins.

"Oh, but you cannot, you cannot," she pleads.

Under his bronzed skin the man turns pale. Beneath his beard he bleaches. "Lucilla," he whispers, "can it be that you no longer love me? Are you"—horrid, hateful thought—"are you—false?"

"Not that, not that," she tells him, for she has not got things fixed quite as far, though she certainly has her eye on one or two possibles for a second mate. "But you must go away at once. You must, indeed."

"Why, I've only just got back!"

"That's the worst of it. We thought you never would come back at all. When your ship was wrecked in the Bananas——"

"Bahamas," he corrects her, gently.

"Well, wherever it was—it was reported that she went down with all hands."

"I alone was saved, and have lived on a desert island ever since. It was the proper thing to do."

"And it was only two weeks ago," she proceeds, breathlessly, "that we got the Chancery Courts to 'presume your death.'"

"Why, Lucilla," he exclaims, "I believe you are sorry to find me alive."

"Oh, can't you see?" she moans. "You're not alive. You can't be alive. The insurance companies are going to pay me eight thousand pounds next month!"

Let us draw a veil. The scene is too touching, too tender, for prying eyes.

Let us rather listen to the joyous peals of the Christmas bells, ringing their sweet, familiar message of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

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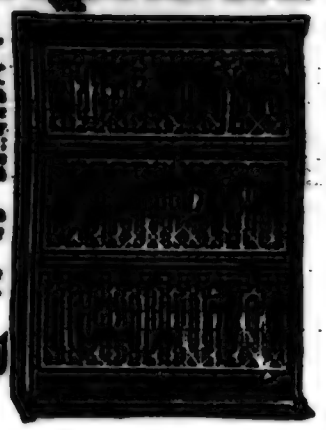

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Early Victorian and other Papers," by E. S. P. Haynes (Mathews: 1s. 6d.), is chiefly a reprint of delightful articles which have already appeared in ephemeral journals, and I am bound to say that they deserved to be rescued. It is certainly surprising to find anyone still cherishing admiration for the early Victorians. Mr. Haynes admits their love of the obvious, their simplicity almost verging on imbecility, but claims that they "had a keener sense of honour than our generation," and that theirs was "an age of strong and brave men." He also seems to imagine that they were Tories, instead of being mere Whigs and Conservatives. However, he affords plenty of food for thought.

"Junia," by Jessie Leckie Herbertson (Chatto: 6s.), promises to become interesting, but never does. The heroine is a fairly accurate representation of one of those very selfish women who are always proclaiming their amazing goodness and self-sacrifice. But even that grows monotonous after a few chapters. The author strikes me as being able to think out incidents and epigrams without having yet learnt how to express them. She seems to be struggling incessantly to press forward, yet always remaining stationary. I found it very difficult to distinguish the various male characters. For one thing, their names are far too much alike. At the same time, I admit that the author possesses potentialities.

It is always pleasant to discover a new poet, and I cannot forbear quoting from Mr. John Temple Trotman's "The Harp" (2s. 6d.), published by himself, and patronised by her Ladyship the Countess of Warwick. A few quotations will demonstrate the quality of his muse:

> The *Illustrated London News* and *Times*,
> Printed from cylinders both prose and rhymes.
>
> The honoured Sire, was Albert wise and good,
> Who always on the side of virtue stood.
>
> Needing no other guard to line the road,
> That led the King of Italy abroad.

And now for a couple of tongue-twisters:

> Chaste bride, Hephzibah, saved ones.
>
> And Heber, Newman, Keen and Milton, vie,
> With Rogers, Pope and Swift and Macaulay.

This reminds me of the Jacobite variation, "Make-all-lies History."

"My Little Boy," by Carl Ewald (Methuen: 5s.), is pretty and fanciful, and, of course, excellently translated, seeing that the magician is that prince of translators, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos. The coloured illustrations are delightfully quaint—almost decadent.

"Life's Contrasts," by John Foster Fraser (Cassell: 6s.), is a pleasant, kindly, rambling narrative of experiences and impressions in various parts of the world. Mr. Fraser has seen a great deal, and is very clever in enabling his readers to peep through his spectacles. He has a fine sense of humour, and at the same time a very human sense of pathos. One day, when he was just about to deliver a comic lecture, he received a telegram announcing the death of his mother. He felt that it was impossible "to step smilingly upon the platform and tell funny stories" whilst his heart "was being torn with the saddest news which ever comes to a man." Still, he felt it was his duty not to disappoint the crowded audience, so he pulled himself together and lectured.

> It was an agonising experience. I felt like a lump of clay. But I jerked myself into animation; I told my best stories with double gusto. . . The laughter ceased, and I plunged ahead with another amusing experience. And the audience never knew—never guessed—that the man who was making them laugh had his heart cased in ice.

"Powder and Patches," by Vera Canute (Mathews: 1s. net), needs no introduction to the readers of this paper. The author has a fine sense of the music of words, and her fanciful muse produces charming conceits. Even the moon, and the birds, and the flowers, acquire fresh magic in her hand. I like the idea of tulips wearing crinolines.

As though the follies of Esperanto were not sufficient, someone has been trying to invent another "universal language." It is called "Ido," and, judging by the "Practical Grammar and Exercises," by P. D. Hugon (Pitman: 1s. 6d. net), it is little more than a kind of dog-Latin. Instead of learning all these universal languages we might surely find time to perfect ourselves in at least one real language, which might be of use to us.

"Priests of Progress," by B. Colmore (Paul: 6s.), is an attack on vivisection. The author has evidently taken enormous pains to verify his facts, and even those of us who deprecate propaganda in the guise of fiction, may read this book with pleasure and profit.

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EXETER—53, High Street.
MANCHESTER—15–17–19, St. Ann Street, St. Ann Square, and 48 and 50, Oldham Street.
NOTTINGHAM—High Street and Pelham Street.
GLASGOW—101–105, Sauchiehall Street.
SHEFFIELD—6, High Street. 252–254, West Street, and 2, Regent Street.
SOUTHAMPTON—25, Above Bar.
LEEDS—7–9, Bond Street. Briggate, and King Edward Street.
HARROGATE—5, Parliament Street
BLACKPOOL—14, Market Street.
HULL—10 and 12, King Edward St.
ST. ANNE'S-ON-SEA—St. Anne's Road, West.
LIVERPOOL—112, Bold Street, and 11 and 18, London Road.
BIRMINGHAM—52, New Street, and 167, Broad Street.
YARMOUTH—King Street and Theatre Plain.
SHREWSBURY—7, Pride Hill.
SWANSEA—1–2, Oxford Street, and 8, Goat Street.
LINCOLN—280–281, High Street.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—161, High Street.
SCARBOROUGH—1, St. Nicholas Street, and 18, Newborough.
BEDFORD—Harpur Street.
NORTHAMPTON—6, Gold Street, and 2, The Drapery.
CAMBRIDGE—31, Petty Cury.
BRISTOL—13, Queen's Road, Clifton.
SOUTHPORT—383–385, Lord Street.
CHESTER—28, Eastgate Row, and 24, Eastgate Street.

HEAD OFFICES, NOTTINGHAM.

JESSE BOOT, Managing Director.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

By Jim Crow.

The possession of a tender heart is not an unmixed blessing. Even when I have filled my belly with turkey and plum duff and steaming punch, I find it very difficult to restrain a sigh over the sort of merriment which will attend the Christmas of many of my countrymen, who probably deserve good cheer quite as much as I do.

Christmas in Gaol.

My mind goes out to all those prisoners and captives, whose Christmas dinner will consist of a plate of skilly and a crust in a whitewashed cell; whose wildest Yule-tide hilarity will be restricted to a silent tramp in the prison yard and the audition of platitudes in the prison chapel. Mind you, I am not championing crime. I quite admit, even while the sentimental spirit of Christmas is upon me, that some people deserve to be tortured and starved, altogether excluded from a share in the seasonable jollification. But most of the people who ought to be kept in the strictest confinement are still at large, while a large proportion of gaol-birds are only shut up because they have been unlucky or imprudent. Take the case of the poor debtor who has been committed for the gross contempt of court involved in not paying what he had not got. Take the victim of mistaken identity or of circumstantial evidence. Or look abroad and consider the sufferings of those gallant officers who are now shut up in a loathsome fœtid cell underground in Kragujevats prison for the terrible offence of signing a memorial protesting against regicide rule. When we reflect upon the countless iniquities with which Christmas is celebrated in every prison-house throughout the world, how is it possible for us to fall to and carouse without choking?

Christmas in the Workhouse.

The lot of the poor is not in many respects better than that of the criminal. Indeed, according to many eminent economists, these two classes are identical. But if crime is often due to a misunderstanding or a misfortune, poverty is nearly always so. I wish it were possible to prepare statistics showing how many people are paupers through their own fault. I do not believe that there is one sane man or woman who cultivates poverty intentionally, even by way of recklessness or laziness, or over-indulgence. To pursue such a course is, in itself, a proof of weakness of mind. Poverty, therefore, is not a crime, but a disease. Very often, like phthisis or cancer, it is inherited. Very often it is due to defective education. Very often it is the result of an accident, and must be placed in the same category as blindness or lameness, which has been caused by a bad shot or a road-hog. Paupers, therefore, like sick persons and young children, should be treated with tenderness and pity instead of being left desolate and oppressed. I can see you smacking your lips over that fine sirloin and that fat capon on your groaning board as you quaff Homeric draughts of old ale from the pewter which you won at the sports. I can understand your satisfaction as you lean back in your chair and reflect that you owe no man anything, that you have not a single enemy in the world, except perhaps yourself. At the risk of causing you an indigestion, I invite you to come with me round the corner and enter a grey, gaunt building surrounded by forbidding walls. No, my friend, it is not the common gaol; I am not going to have you locked up yet for one of those secret crimes which afflict the consciences of every one of us. This is the palace which a benevolent Government provides for God's poor, for the fatherless and the widow, for the honest toiler in the evening of his days, for everyone who has been compelled to fall out of the ranks during the hard battle for existence. See the stern, sad faces, note the hideous rough uniforms, sit for a moment on one of the rude benches and look up at the distempered walls, where a few sprigs of holly and evergreen ironically proclaim the festive season. The pathos and the insolence of those decorations! The pathos of the wistful glances which are flickering in the mournful eyes of these victims of civilisation as they detect a faint smell which comes from the rude, bare kitchen of the establishment. For one day in the year at least they will not go hungry to bed. This is the day of goodwill towards men, and they will be permitted to make merry over a slice of foreign meat and surrender themselves to the ineffable delights of a mouthful of brimstone and treacle. But nothing is done to relieve the mental anguish inspired by a retrospect of hopeless struggles and the absence of a single ray of light on the dark horizon of the future. Now you may return to your guzzling, if you can, and I wish you a very merry Christmas.

The Sandwichmen's Dinner.

I think one of the saddest sights I ever beheld at Christmas time was the annual dinner given to sandwichmen by the proprietors of *Reynolds's Newspaper*. Here was a hungry throng of the lowest ranks of those workers who have contrived to escape the pauper taint. Theirs is perhaps the most precarious, the most disagreeable and the most humiliating of all the occupations of modern life. They are decked out grotesquely, sent out in all weathers to tramp the streets at a funereal pace, and the poor devils think themselves lucky if they keep even this sordid job. Here they came bearing the stamp of all their hardships and privations on their faces, lean, ragged and inexpressibly mournful. Even more than their appearance, their silence shocked me. As they trooped in—long, never-ending files of them—to partake of the one good meal, probably the one substantial pleasure of the year, they might have been mutes at a funeral feast, so saturated were they by the spirit of their city of dreadful night. Gradually, very slowly, their souls could be seen to thaw as the good cheer warmed their enfeebled bodies, as the beer cans went round, until they became almost jovial when the pipes were handed out. But what a hollow, artificial merriment. I could not forget, and I am sure they remembered all the time, that this glimpse of comfort would endure but for a moment.

Christmas in a Shelter.

Until we can find a remedy for the malady of poverty, no doubt we must do the best we can in the way of palliatives, inadequate as they are. But I am not sure that a palliative like the Sandwichmen's dinner is satisfactory in the long run. After all, one ray of sunshine is very far from making a summer, and, as Dante remarked, "there is no greater pain than to remember happy days in times of misery." And some palliatives, like a Salvation Army shelter, by warding off absolute desperation, may sometimes discourage men from the supreme effort which is necessary to their rehabilitation. I was struck by this when I visited the Blackfriars shelter one merry Christmas evening. I remembered that on the previous year I had spent this heyday in Paris, revelling in all the excitement of the *réveillon* far into the night, and it seemed a happy thought to contrast that way of spending Christmas with the gloomy celebration by the poorest of the poor. Perhaps, too, I anticipated some cynical satisfaction in the prospect of making acquaintance with persons having more to grumble about than myself. I reached the shelter between nine and ten, when most of the outcasts had already gone in to roost. The pigeon-hole at the door suggested this simile, for it seemed the only way in. While my card was being sent to the superintendent, I stood back in the shadow, watching the stragglers arrive. The variety of the men's characters found expression in their acceptance of this treatment. Some made themselves very small and slunk in; others shoved sturdily and grumbled more or less good-humouredly over the straitness of the gate. Presently I was admitted by the "Captain," who wore a large cook's apron over his uniform. I noticed that everyone seemed in tremendous awe of him. I was most interested perhaps in the "Captain" himself. He was not overbearing, but he evidently possessed the knack of exercising authority. As he remarked to me, "it doesn't matter who it is, or whether a man's six-foot-six. If I tell him to do a thing, he's got to do it. Otherwise, out he goes. But we very seldom have to use force." Now this seems to me to illustrate my argument about the demoralising effect of the palliative. Instead of pulling themselves together and fighting their own battles somehow, derelicts sink into a cap-touching attitude and obey the behests of the man in authority over the dormitory, to enter which they have to pay.

The Compliments of the Season.

I had intended to allude also to the people who have not even the pennies necessary for a shelter; to show you the scenes on the Embankment at night; to take you to the poverty-stricken homes of those who are too proud to accept charity even as an alternative to starvation. But I think I have said enough to remind you that Christmas is not all beer and skittles, and to suggest that if you will spare a little thought, a little interest, for the human wreckage which lies scattered all around you, you will stand a greater chance of enjoying a right merry Christmas.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

PANTOMIME FOR THE KIDDIES.

Numerous agencies lay themselves out to assist in securing that the poorer children of London shall have at least one good meal in the course of the year—a Christmas dinner; and such efforts are among the most praiseworthy within their limits. A few organisations try to make the youngsters of the London working class jolly as well as belly-full at the festive season; and most laudable, I think, of all these is the Playgoers' Club. Last year the Playgoers' Club Pantomime Fund—which originated some years ago in a suggestion of Mr. Pett Ridge—treated nearly 19,000 London children to a pantomime, and gave them pies, and oranges, and sweets to eat in the intervals. It is a fine piece of work to make nearly 20,000 little ones happy for three or four hours on end; and how happy they are no one can realise who has not seen them "a-doin' of it." But in the London County Council schools there are 750,000 children, and what are 20,000 tickets among so many? The Playgoers do their best, each of them, each Christmas to dispose of 40 sixpenny vouchers among their friends; some of them get rid of a much larger total; but they deserve and should receive the co-operation of amusement patrons generally. Everybody above the poverty line stands himself a pantomime at Christmas, no matter how old he is, or how blasé he pretends to be. Most people have a good time with the conscious and unconscious humours of panto, although they may not admit it. Let each of my London readers who reads this and proposes to sample a panto. himself, send six penny stamps to Mr. Osman Edwards (Playgoers' Club, 6, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.), before he forgets it, and then the Playgoers' Club will be able to take twice as many kiddies to a Christmas show this year as last. "Do it now!"

MORE ABOUT MUSICAL AGENTS.

Some remarks of mine on musical agents have brought me many letters, two of which are worth a passing reference. One of them is from a well-known musician, who points out that the *Daily Telegraph* (as well as the *Morning Post*) inserts the type of advertisement calculated to induce young and inexperienced musicians to pay money in advance to agents who may never get them an engagement, or to hawk tickets for the benefit of agents whose "West End introduction" is unlikely to do them much, if any, good. This reader encloses an advertisement cut from the *Daily Telegraph* in which "students of G.S.M., R.A.M.," etc., are specially invited to communicate with "Conductor, 12, Hart Street, W.C." No doubt "Conductor" is an entirely desirable person, although it would be better, perhaps, if he disclosed his name. But the point raised by my correspondent—and it has been raised by me before—is the use of the "G.S.M." and the "R.A.M." in such advertisements. Perhaps it is sanctioned by the heads of these institutions; more probably it is not. Anyway, they can hardly be ignorant of the device, for some time ago marked copies of this journal containing references to the matter were sent to them, I am told, by one of my readers. Of course, if they have no objection, nothing can be done; if they have an objection, as I think they should have, to the titles of these institutions being linked with offers of this sort, made by anyone using only a pen-name or business description like "Conductor," a word to the *Daily Telegraph* might not be wasted. When Parliament and the L.C.C. again deal with the agency question, as they will probably next year, they must tackle the question of agents who advertise anonymously, as well as those who demand fees in advance under the pretence that they are paid for "tuition," "songs," etc. And *all* dramatic, variety and musical agents must be licensed.

WANTED—SINGERS WHO CAN ACT.

The other reader to whose letter I have referred specifically sends confirmation of my previous statements and those of various correspondents whose communications I have touched upon as to the futility of spending money on advance fees to agents and "securing an appearance" and Press notices through the successful selling of tickets. But, she asks, "What is the best way to set about getting something to do as a singer—whom does one apply to?" When a lady with operatic training abroad and able to sing in several languages, who "would be glad to go into a chorus just to make a start," asks me such a question direct, I am in some difficulty. Most of the musical agents are worse than useless to the stranger in a strange city. If I were this lady, or one situated similarly, I should write to the musical director at Covent Garden, to Mr. Charles Manners, to Mr. George Edwardes, to Mr. Robert Courtneidge, or to Mr. H. R. Smith—who has some beautiful music in "The Antelope" at the Waldorf, and few principals, let alone chorus girls, capable of singing it perfectly. The worst of it is that most of the ladies who can sing cannot act, or are too mature or not physically of the type required for musical plays—at least, so I am told.

THE CHORUS GIRL QUESTION.

Apropos the discussion on chorus girls' salaries, I am informed officially by the Touring Managers' Association that this body "is in no way responsible for any contracts made by its members; it is purely and simply a question that lies between the manager and the artiste, and the engagements are not made on behalf of the Association." Of course, no one supposed or stated the contrary—at least I did not; and Messrs. Howard and Lambert having disclaimed the agent who pretended to be acting for them, and having offered to allow me to examine their books and contracts to prove that they pay twice as much as the salary mentioned in the contract put before my chorus-girl reader, the incident is now closed. P.

SOMERVILLE'S Scotch WHISKY

3 bottles 11/-
POST FREE.

6 Bottles 21/6 12 Bottles 42/-

Securely packed and cased, carriage paid to nearest railway station.

As a Christmas gift to your friends—business or personal—you can send nothing more acceptable than a case of this genuine Scotch Whisky, supplied **direct from Scotland at wholesale trade price.** We take all trouble off your hands—simply send us the full names and addresses of your friends, state the quantity to be sent to each and enclose cheque. We will arrange for free delivery on or before Christmas Eve.

Remember, that we absolutely guarantee the age—**Every drop of this Whisky is over 10 years old.** Do you know of any other popular Whisky sold with such a definite guarantee of age? **We don't.**

Try it in your home; if you do not find it the very best Scotch Whisky you ever tasted, return it to us at our expense, and we will refund your money. **We, as the producers, absolutely guarantee the age and quality.**

JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, EDINBURGH.
Established 1820.

Sample half bottle sent post free on receipt of 2/-

SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, value for which please send me your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed Ten Years Old Scotch Whisky, on the condition that if it is not absolutely the finest whisky I have ever tasted I am at liberty to return it and you will refund my money. J.B. 26/12/08.

Name .....

Address .....

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Santa Claus, Esq., Millionaire, Christmas Mansions, England.

Dear Old Sant,—Glad was I to get a sight of your cheery face on a cracker box the other day. You don't look a minute older, you don't really; or even a day younger. You have had the same beaming eyes, the same inextinguishable smile, and the same patriarchal whiskers ever since I can remember anything at all. Why, you dear old boy, those whiskers of yours are a household word. We all regard them as a national heirloom. We revere them as a sacred memory of the past and as a blessed hope for the future. As long as you keep on calling when you are passing, and bring your whiskers with you, we know that all is well.

It is nearly a year since you dropped that 20 lb. turkey at the hall door of my country house. Suppose I can rely on you for ditto this season; one that was born a few years after yourself, if possible; though, of course, one like last year's will do, if you instruct your poultryman to send a saw with it. But this Christmas I want you to pay special attention to the poor—not only to hungry, homeless, and destitute men and women, but to the little kiddies as well. Try how much music you can put into their cheerless lives for the few days of Christmastide.

I don't much mind your forgetting the rich and the children of the rich, for they will be sure to remember themselves, anyhow. If you are pressed for time, or find yourself running out of cash or goods, I suggest your skipping Belgravia and Mayfair and doing most of your visiting in Poverty Lane and Want Alley. I know you do your best to get round in the time, and that you are pretty nimble on your feet. But, *entre nous*, there are thousands of poor people who never got a glimpse of you at all last Chritsmas, and I heard of little children, some of them with no shelter, except such as they could find beneath the stars, watching and waiting for your coming in the darkness till their tired eyes were closed in sleep, and waking hungry and shivering in the morning to find that you had not left them even a crust. Many men and women, too, were without a Christmas dinner because you never passed their way. Don't forget anybody this year, that's a dear fellow; and God will bless you for it.

The poor we have with us alway. But I can assure you that this Christmas you will find more hungry mouths to fill, more shivering bodies to clothe, more despairing heads to uplift, and more aching hearts to comfort than for many years past, and I want you to promise me that you will do all you can for them in pity, in mercy, and in love.

John Bull.

To Bailie McMurchy, Court-house, Campbeltown, Scotland.

My dear McMurchy,—I am informed on credible authority that you are a God-fearing elder of the United Frees, and that you spend your time between the family bakery and Good Templar lodges, bands of hope, dorcas societies, and other beneficent agencies for the uplifting of the juvenile Scot. All this is really very beautiful of you, Bailie. It shows that, if you can help the bairns to a noble life by preaching at them, or making speeches at them, or quoting texts at them, you will not fail in your high Christian duty. But it is when you sit in judgment on them, and regard their little sins and wickednesses from the seat of judgment, that you let your light shine before men in its most dazzling radiance. Thus seeing you, one learns how blessed a thing it is to be kind, and merciful, and gentle, and helpful to little children.

For instance, Bailie, little Malcolm Muir, 9 years of age, was brought before you the other day charged with entering the shop of an Italian ice-cream manufacturer and stealing therefrom a valuable commodity, to wit, one cake of chocolate, and consuming the same, contrary to the statute. Now it was very wrong of that little boy to steal that cake of chocolate, and as an elder who had got religion, and got it strong, also as a Band of Hope, Sunday-school evangelist, it was naturally to be expected that you would point out to him the nature of his offence, and warn him to be a good boy for the future, and never do such things again, and send him out of court with a contrite heart and a chastened spirit. Instead, however, you announced that, as it was his first offence, you would be lenient with him—and then you sentenced him to imprisonment for twenty-four hours. Supposing that lad had been a son of yours, Bailie, how would you feel if some magisterial church elder like yourself had sent him to gaol? You would probably have said that such a sentence on such a mite was neither just nor merciful, but hard, cruel, and heartless. I agree now with what you would have said then. Either give up preaching to little children or give up judging them, Bailie; for one or the other is out of your line. You have made a criminal of a child, and a good deal of tearful praying will be needed to blot out that entry against you in the Book of Life.

John Bull.

To George Meredith, Boxhill.

Sir,—Why persist in trying to write poetry? Will forgive you if you will scan any of these lines of yours:

Who sang for us the archangelical host.
Would live full-toned in the grand delivery.
From hopeless toil; and overshadowingly.
Of hypocritical Peace, inveterate Moloch.

Is it true that you ever thought seriously of becoming Poet Laureate? Take my advice and stick to plain prose, and try to make it as plain as you can.

John Bull.

Mabel Louise Atherton, Norfolk Street, Park Lane; and Louise Taylor, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate.

Thanks for useful object-lesson in the prudence, wisdom, patience, common-sense and self-restraint of your sex. Surely those pretty fingers were not made to tear each other's clothes and hair. Why not join the militant Suffragettes?

Bull.

Longboat, New York.

Congratulations on retrieving the reputation which you endangered by your visit to this country. Seems to have been a victory of the head rather than of the legs. Marathon form seems a bit in and out, doesn't it? Anyhow, very glad you managed to carry the Union Jack to victory.

Bull.

Castro, President Venezuela, Hotel Luxe, Berlin.

Doing yourself great style fifty-shilling dinners, while Dutch capturing Venezuelan war vessels, I hear. Better return before Christmas, or they'll be cooking your goose. Why not come over and try the foreign roast beef of Old England and the old birds from abroad?

Bull.

The Speaker of the Turkish Parliament, Dolma-Bagtchet Palace, Constantinople.

Glad to hear Turkey is not to be cut up this year. May all your sessions be one long Bairam!

Bull.

Clerk, County Council, London.

Note L.C.C. decision to dispose Thames steamboats private tender. Confidently anticipate will prove a great sell.

Bull.

Dorando, Madison Square Gardens, New York.

Sorry you tripped and lost latest Marathon. Have another go with Hayes and Longboat together. That should settle the question of best man.

Bull.

CHRISTMASTIDE!

Come, thou spirit quaint and cheery,
Come and charm our hearths to-day
Glorify this season dreary,
Drive all gloomy cares away!

Weave thy eerie web around us,
Give us back our childhood's dream;
With thy magic spell confound us
Till things are not what they seem!

Come and magnetise the holly,
Let its genial berries glow:
Take us unaware by folly
With thy mystic mistletoe!

Turn our lives so sad and prosy
Into mirth and melody;
Make all pallid faces rosy
With contagious charity.

Ring, ye bells, from tower and steeple,
Over town and country-side,
Thrill the hearts of all our people,
With a good old Christmastide!

R. de L. G.

THE WAITS.

"LET 'EM WAIT!"

IN THE CITY.

GOLD MINING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Warning to Investors.

We learn that there are men over here from Nova Scotia trying hard to sell certain gold mining concessions and mines at a place called Wine Harbour, situated in Guysboro' County, Nova Scotia. Although notorious in the province itself, Wine Harbour is practically unknown in this country. It may be useful to say a word or two about these properties. There are five mines, named respectively the Plough Lead, Old Provincial, Napier, Eureka and Barachois mines.

In the first place they are all idle and full of water. These particular properties have at different times in their ill-starred career been responsible for the loss of enormous sums of both British and American money. The Old Provincial in particular practically ruined a wealthy Boston man, who from start to finish dropped close upon a million dollars before he gave in He spent a matter of $250,000 in installing a complete electric plant to work the property. Upon his failure the creditors seized everything, and put the mine up for auction as a going concern. It brought $4,200—about its true value—at the sale. This took place quite recently.

With regard to the Plough Lead. This mine is no different from the generality of gold properties in Nova Scotia, inasmuch as the gold-bearing quartz is found in pockets, and operators never know the moment they will come to a fault. This rule applies to the whole of Nova Scotia, and is precisely what occurred to this mine, thereby abruptly terminating the proprietors' dreams of wealth. In reply to their urgent appeals the Provincial Government came to their rescue, and sent their geological expert, Faribault, along, who, after a lot of difficulty, located the lost lode quite a distance away. So scared were they that they never resumed work again, but having re-discovered the lode, and fearful of coming to another fault, they sold the mine to some English people who, in their turn, dropped a pot of money and closed down in despair.

Of the Napier, Eureka and Barachois mines there is not much to tell. They have been idle for years, but have been worked at different times—always at a loss.

All these properties are for sale at the present moment, and it is hoped the British public will bite.

As though to emphasise this warning, news has just lately come to hand that the Boston Richardson mine, situated at Isaac's Harbour, and quite near to the mines we have mentioned, has gone into liquidation, and its affairs are now in the hands of a receiver.

These people operated on a rather big scale with a sixty-stamp mill, and were talking some time back of erecting a further sixty stamps. Their total share capital was $2,500,000, and upon an examination being made into their affairs it was discovered they were $450,000 to the bad. The present company took it over from a company in difficulties in 1903.

Cheek by jowl with the Boston Richardson is Dolliver Mountain, where only a few years ago a fifty-stamp mill was erected. Up to the present only fifteen of the stamps have dropped, and by the time the mill was completed it was discovered from the low grade character of the gold-bearing quartz that the mill could never pay.

Then there is the Nova Scotia Mexican group of mines at Goldenville, near Wine Harbour. These mines have dropped vast sums for their promoters in their time, but have not been worked for years, and like the Wine Harbour pits, have been allowed to fill with water. A new buyer is anxiously awaited.

Further along the coast to the West is the Dufferin mine, situated on the Salmon River. With a perfect equipment, both for mining and milling—obtained regardless of cost—it was worked for some time by a London syndicate, and dropped a heap of money for them, before they realised how badly they had been had.

Efforts are constantly being made to induce both English and American capitalists to invest their money in these unproductive mines, sometimes with success, but the result is always disastrous, and those who are so unfortunate as to allow themselves to be persuaded to put money into these rotten properties realise when too late their folly in not making enquiries from those qualified to know, as well as finding out for themselves on the spot, before planking down their cash.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON AND LIBERIA.

We notice that Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.M.G., sometime special Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate, has been having a conversation with President Roosevelt about Liberia. The President is interested in the Black Republic, and Sir Harry Johnston is supposed to know a good deal about it. It is to be hoped that his statements to the President were more trustworthy than those in the prospectus of the Liberian Rubber Corporation, of which at the outset, and when the company went to the public for its capital, he was the chairman. We know few things more discreditable in company history than the record of the West African Gold Concessions, Ltd., with its capital of half a-million sterling, afterwards changed to the Liberian Development Company (Chartered and Limited), which is the largest shareholder in the Liberian Company. When this concern was put before the public some three years ago, Sir Harry Johnston and others who should have known better, fathered glowing estimates of the profits to be derived from the rubber concessions they then had secured in Liberia. The shareholders are still looking for a dividend, and Sir Harry Johnston, with others, has deserted a sinking ship.

The Company, which has an authorised capital of £270,000, took over nothing of value. By the law of Liberia no monopoly or concession is permitted, but the Company worked without opposition until the German companies Woermann and J. West entered the field. The German opposition has resulted in the British Company agreeing to a 20-mile limit in which all are free to purchase rubber. Beyond that boundary licences costing about 8 dollars each have to be obtained, as the Rubber Company has been appointed a sort of Forestry Department. This boundary is so much paper. Liberia proper scarcely exists for twenty miles inland. In some places it does not even exist on the coast line, the Kroos being the owners of the Territory. There is practically no police or army, much less navy. The result is that there is free trade in rubber bar the export duty. No boundary is known. A milestone or a road is an unknown quantity. The greater part of geographical Liberia is cannibal, and the Liberians, descendants of American Freed Slaves, are powerless to enforce any law.

All the rubber is sold to Dunlop's, and their valuers determine the price. All goods are bought through Wiechers and Helm, of Hamburg, by agreement. The only ports doing any trade are Monrovia, Grand Bassa and Sino and River Cess. The output is about 200,000lbs. of rubber per annum bringing from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per lb.

THE CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD.

We have referred to this concern more than once recently and have now to direct attention to a case which was heard by Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, in which Mr. G. Rankin sued the Company for £209. The case came on for hearing on December 13th, when counsel for the plaintiff said that his client was in Finland. The defendants' "sole director and practically sole shareholder and managing director was a lady who had been subpœnaed and had had notice of the trial to-day." He wished to have her called. The lady's name was Beech—Miss L. M. Beech—and when called she did not appear. Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence made an order for the examination of the lady at the trial and adjourned the hearing, which it was understood would take place in about a week's time.

We direct attention to the statement of the defence which says :—

> If any sum on an account being taken were found due upon any stock and share transactions between the plaintiff and defendant company such transactions were a delivery in differences, and were by way of gaining and wagering, and are void, and the defendant company therefore claims to have a good defence to this action.

The Affidavit is signed by Miss L. M. Beech, and the plea set up may be commended to those who think of having dealings with the Central Stock Exchange.

We hear that Mr. Kiralfy is at loggerheads with the Underwriters who guaranteed an attendance of ten millions at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Owing to great pressure on our space City answers are unavoidably held over this week.

ANNUAL REPORT of the KERR LAKE MINING COMPANY for the year ending August 31st, 1908.

KERR LAKE MINING COMPANY.

Capital: 600,000 shares at $5.00, par value, $3,000,000.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.)

OFFICERS.

EDWARD STEINDLER, President.
WILLARD P. WARD, Vice-President.
JACOB A. JACOBS, Secretary and Treasurer.
DAVID M. STEINDLER, Managing Director.

DIRECTORS.

EDWARD STEINDLER. W. P. WARD.
ADOLPH LEWISOHN. B. B. LAWRENCE.
J. J. STEINDLER. D. M. STEINDLER.
J. A. JACOBS.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.—Benjamin B. Lawrence.

MINE MANAGER—S. R. Heakes.

TRANSFER AGENTS—The Bankers' Trust Co., New York City, N.Y.

REGISTRARS—The Equitable Trust Company, New York City, N.Y.

NEW YORK OFFICE—42, Broadway, New York City, N.Y.

MINE OFFICE—Cobalt, Ontario, Canada.

To the Stockholders of the Kerr Lake Mining Company.

I submit herewith the reports of the operations of the property of your company for the fiscal year ending August 31st, 1908.

The New York company, or holding company, owns three hundred and ninety-five (395) shares of the Canadian company, and the remaining five (5) shares of the capital stock of that company is held in trust by the officers of the Canadian company for and on behalf of said New York company.

You will observe from the reports that the company has, during that period, produced and shipped 1,473,712.07 ounces of silver.

It appears from the treasurer's report attached hereto, and from the information in the hands of the directors, that the company has, at this time, sufficient cash profits in hand and ore in transit to cover the dividend requirements for the coming three quarterly dividends payable October 1st, 1908, January 1st, 1909, and April 1st, 1909.

The attention of the stockholders is called to the certified accounts, in which it is shown that all plant and other assets than those of a purely liquid nature have been charged off to profit and loss, said accounts merely being carried on mine books for our protection.

I regard these results as highly satisfactory, and trust that they will meet with the approval of the shareholders.

The thanks of the officers and directors of the company are due to the management for the close and industrious application given to the affairs of the company.

For the Directors, EDWARD STEINDLER, President.
New York City, N.Y., Sept. 8th, 1908.

REPORT OF THE MANAGER.

To the Directors,—The plans (Plate Nos. 3 and 4) attached to the report show the underground workings on the veins so far developed. This development may be divided into the following:—

Drifting on the veins	3,000ft.
Crosscutting	1,350ft.
Sinking and raising	1,125ft.
Making a total of	5,475ft.

On vein No. 7 we are 180ft. deep, and on No. 3 325ft. deep.

This exploration work has developed five (5) known pay veins, the most important of which are Nos. 3 and 7. The plan of the property will show that about 25 per cent. of the ground has been developed by these workings. In addition to the development shown on the plan, diamond-drill holes aggregating 1,000ft. in length were bored. Valuable information was obtained from these drill holes as a guide to development.

The production during the year amounted to 1,473,712oz., produced from 528 tons of ore. The gross value of this production is $787,554.73.

The production has been regulated by the desire of the management to put in sight two tons of ore for every ton mined. It has, under these circumstances, been easily controlled to meet our needs of monthly expenses and quarterly dividends, namely, $45,000 monthly.

The following table gives the tonnage and ounces of silver produced and shipped during the year:—

Month.	Ore shipment in lbs.	Ounces of silver in shipment.
September, 1907	.....	125,073.78
October, 1907	88,357	220,915.99
November, 1907	105,041	159,227.23
December, 1907	94,068	75,660.83
January, 1908	39,983	104,710.68
February, 1908	102,030	197,623.87
March, 1908	121,422	56,128.98
April, 1908	60,327	270,220.41
May, 1908	163,612	9,924.96
June, 1908	58,105	78,225.34
July, 1908	60,674	176,000.00 (Est.)
August, 1908	190,000 (Est.)	
Total	1,056,119	1,473,712.07

Our cost of producing this ore, exclusive of the cost of surface plant, but including all the development of the mine, shows a total of $139,530.97, leaving a gross profit of $648,023.76. The average gross value of ore per ton was $1,502.87.

This property makes a remarkable showing, considering that it has been equipped and developed in fifteen (15) months. Its production of 1,473,712oz. of silver exceeds that of some of the most important mines in the United States.

The future of the property is largely dependent upon the result of the development of the territory so far unprospected. Its reserves are ample to take care of this development, and to pay to its owners substantial returns upon their investment.

S. R. HEAKES, Manager.

Approved: BENJAMIN B. LAWRENCE, Consulting Engineer.

To the Shareholders and Directors of the Kerr Lake Mining Company:

I herewith submit my report of the assets and liabilities, together with profit and loss account, for the fiscal year ending August 31st, 1908.

It is most gratifying to be able to report to you that I received the sum of $740,435.80 from the sale of ore during the year. There is still outstanding and due to us by the smelters $116,772.76, making a total of $857,208.56.

The entire plant, including machinery and buildings, have been charged off to profit and loss.

In previous years amounts received from the sale of ore have been as follows:—

In 1906	$176,717.00
In 1907	$347,855.33
In 1908	$857,208.56

showing a steady increase.

Dividends paid were as follows:

In 1906	$180,000.00
In 1907	$210,000.00
In 1908	$360,000.00

The whole is respectfully submitted.

By order of the Board,
JACOB A. JACOBS, Secy.-Treas.
New York City, N.Y., Sept. 23rd, 1908.

KERR LAKE MINING COMPANY OF NEW YORK, U.S.A. BALANCE SHEET, AUGUST 31st, 1908.

ASSETS.

Cost of investment in the Kerr Lake Mining Company (Limited) of Ontario, Canada		$3,015,000.00
Buildings, plant, and machinery paid for out of profits	$57,418.68	
Inventory of materials and supplies		6,773.85
Accounts receivable		1,905.43
Ore sold but unsettled for		102,656.61
Ore mined on hand and in transit, after deducting cost of freight and smelting charges, estimated as worth		90,000.00
Cash		133,070.46
		$3,348,406.35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock: 600,000 shares of the par value of $5.00 each, full paid and non assessable		$3,000,000.00
Accounts payable		8,690.00
Accrued wages		6,546.41
Surplus: Balance Sept. 1st, 1907	$208,633.98	
Profits for year ended Aug. 31st, 1908, per Operating and Profit and Loss Account, Folio 8	484,535.96	
	$693,169.94	
Deduct: Dividends paid during year	360,000.00	333,169.94
		$3,348,406.35

J. A. JACOBS, Treasurer.

New York, September 23rd, 1908.—We have audited the accounts of the Kerr Lake Mining Company of New York, and prepared the above balance-sheet and accompanying Operating and Profit and Loss Account. Subject to the correctness of the valuation placed upon the ore mined on hand and in transit, these, in our opinion, correctly represent the financial condition of the company on August 31st, 1908, and the result of the operation of the properties of the Kerr Lake Mining Company (Limited) of Ontario, Canada, for the year ended that date.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS, and CO.,
Accountants and Auditors.

KERR LAKE MINING COMPANY OF NEW YORK, U.S.A.

OPERATING AND PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—FOR THE YEAR ENDED AUGUST 31st, 1908.

Cost of production and development		$139,530.97
Shipment, smelting, and other charges		76,093.10
General expenses, including executive and office salaries		32,904.54
Cost of buildings, plant, and machinery, paid for out of profits		57,418.68
Balance, being net profit carried to balance-sheet, Folio 7		484,535.96
		$790,483.25
Sale of ore		$849,159.90
Less: Ore mined on hand and in transit at beginning, at estimated net value		149,847.32
		$699,312.58
Add: Ore mined on hand and in transit at end, at estimated net value		90,000.00
		$789,312.58
Insurance recovered		300.96
Interest		869.71
		$790,483.25

A SONG FOR UN-THINKING OFFICERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By One of Them.

"A new school of officers has arisen since the war—a thinking school."—*Extract from speech by* Mr. Haldane.

Air—"Drinking, Drinking, Drinking."

I am Algie—haw—a Major
  In the famous La Di Dahs;
And I had a pal, a Colonel,
  In the cream of the Hussars;
Yes, *had* a pal, alas, is right,
  For what's the use in blinking
The painful fact we've had to part
  Since he's gone in for "thinking."

I saw it coming when he stayed
  Away from tony dinners
To steep himself the livelong night
  In "Tactics for Beginners."
I pointed out the beastly form
  He showed in always shrinking
His social duties for such rot
  As thinking, thinking, thinking.

I've told him of the latest shade
  In ties, and cut of trousers,
The brute retorted, "Yes, but what's
  The latest thing in Mausers?"
No wonder people want to know
  If poor old Jack is drinking—
It sounds so silly when I say—
  "No—thinking, thinking, thinking."

All his dancing invitations
  He throws aside with curses,
He says a waltzing soldier
  Is bound to have "reverses":
Just fancy throwing up the chance
  Of amorously linking
A clinging Duchess on your arm,
  To have more time for "thinking"!

He speaks just like civilians now;
  His lovely Haw! is gone;
His waist shows that he clean forgets
  To put his corsets on;
He heeds not all our caustic jibes,
  Nor marks our open winking;
But with a Bay of Biscay brow,
  Keeps thinking, thinking, thinking

It's hard on others like myself,
  If Jack be though a sample;
We hope the public will not think
  We'll follow his example.
Come, boys! And join me in a toast!
  And drink with glasses clinking,
Long live the Army—while it keeps
  From thinking, thinking, thinking!

T. J. D

"'UNGRY."

When yer try yer 'and at workin'
Nothin' in yer bloomin' belly,
Then the microbes—them that lurk in
Nasty protoplasmic jelly—
Comes across yer as y'are breathin'
Enters in yer pore inside.

* * *

Put a cross up—shove a wreath in—
Pore old father's gone and died.

W. E. H.

THE PROPOSAL.

The youness of you is the gist of my theme;
Of you and your youness I constantly dream
Oh, add to your youness the meness of me,
And let them both blend into weness of we

THE ANSWER.

I gladly agree; but it works out the same,
If you simply subtract and cross out a name:
To mine put a minus, to yours put a plus—
And what is the answer? Why, *usness of us!*

M. A. V.

MAY SAVE YOU POUNDS

Send post card to-day for latest illustrated price lists.

Show Rooms:
62,
MOOR
STREET.

FOR 20 YEARS
I have supplied the public direct (without making use of shops or stores) with Bedsteads, Wire Mattresses, Bedding, Cots, Curbs of every description, and also General Household Furniture.
PROMPT DESPATCH. PACKED FREE.
CARRIAGE PAID. CASH or INSTALMENTS.

All Goods sent direct from Factory to Home
(Saving Middle Profits)
IN A
Perfectly New Condition.

Fully illustrated catalogue post free.

Strong black and brass Bedstead, complete with wire mattress, wool mattress, bolster, and two feather pillows.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 13, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

TWO FAMOUS WHISKIES.

LONG JOHN'S DEW OF BEN NEVIS
PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY 10 Years OLD.
Distilled in 1898 and matured at distillery.

Wm. JAMESON'S PURE POT STILL
IRISH WHISKY 12 Years OLD.
Distilled in 1896.

3 BOTTLES 10/6
6 BOTTLES 20/6

UNDER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station.

Sample Bottle 2/- Post Free.

You are not invited to buy a pig in a poke, but the produce of famous distilleries with the date of distillation definite declaredand fully guaranteed. Money willingly refunded on return of goods if unsatisfactory.

Order Form to Messrs. KINGSTON BROS., SPIRIT DEALERS, 24, Tooley St., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND REMITTANCE VALUE FOR { BOTTLES OF BEN NEVIS '98. BOTTLES OF W. JAMESON'S '96.
I am to have the money refunded upon returning the whisky if it is not satisfactory.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

QUALITY

HAS SECURED FOR

HENNESSY'S

BRANDY

THE LARGEST SALES IN THE WORLD.

THE WOMAN WHO CRAVED.

By Basil Tozer.

He sat at dinner beside an extraordinarily beautiful woman. Her husband had been his friend at school and college.

"I can't think," she said, concerning something of which they had been talking, "I can't think why the papers make so much fuss about the poor. The majority, I am sure, are impostors."

"But if they can't get work?"

"Can't get it!" She shrugged her lovely shoulders. "How many would work if work were offered them?"

"I should say a great proportion."

She turned, to look him in the eyes; then broke into silvery laughter.

"You are simple," she said, "or must think I am, but frankly, I scorn people who can't succeed."

"Your husband told me that."

She looked up sharply, exclaiming in an undertone:

"My husband! When did you see him last? Where is he?"

The buzz of general conversation made her remarks inaudible to all except the man she was addressing. Now a strangely hard look crept into her shining eyes. It was that look that urged the man to answer:

"I don't know where he is. He is dead."

She watched him fixedly.

"Are you sure of that?" she asked.

"Quite. I was by him when he died."

The expression that stole over her face betrayed intense relief. For some moments she was silent. Then he heard the words, uttered in a whisper:

"Thank God!"

* * * * * * * *

General conversation was at its height when she again addressed him.

"You have given me good news," she said again in a lowered voice. "No doubt you think me heartless—but if you only knew!"

"Yes?"

She looked at him steadily once more, as though trying to read his soul.

"If you only knew how I had come—how I had come to loathe him!"

"Why?"

"Chiefly, I think, because I craved so for success and he proved a failure, and therefore disappointed me. Tell me, where did he die, and when?"

"Some months ago, in a common lodging house. He was living under a false name, and was given a pauper's burial."

"How like him to die a pauper," she mused. "But don't let us talk of death; I dislike the subject so."

"You may be more fortunate next time," he said, coldly, meaning to be cynical again.

"I shall be that," she answered with self-possession, and unconsciously her eyes sought those of an elderly man who sat facing her. He saw the look and leered at her, and the colour flashed into her cheek. Everybody knew Iscariot Hammerstein, and knew how rich he was.

* * * * * * * *

It was mid-winter, raw and foggy. With a soft purring sound a great car drew up at a brilliantly-lit restaurant-hotel in Piccadilly. The footman sprang nimbly to the ground, and two liveried retainers belonging to the establishment hurried forward, wreathed in smiles.

"Surely that is Iscariot Hammerstein," a passer-by remarked to a friend, slackening pace as an elderly man with sagging eyes got out with difficulty, followed by a painted woman.

"Yes," the other answered. "He has got over his wife's death pretty soon, apparently."

"Her *death!*"

"Ah, of course," the friend replied, "you have been at sea and so haven't heard that the lovely widow he married a year ago got galloping consumption and died a few months after."

Hammerstein and the woman with him had gone into the brilliantly lit restaurant-hotel. With a warning snort the car had hummed its way into the passing flow of traffic. As the first speaker and his companion strolled forward through the fog the silvery voice of the woman with the perfect profile, the brilliant eyes and the shining hair seemed to haunt him:

"Don't let us talk of death; I dislike the subject so."

WHEN WE'RE INVADED, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

By L. E. Filmore.

Upon the approach of the enemy's army, immediate steps will be taken to raise and equip an army capable of meeting it. The Guards will at once cancel all engagements of a social character, and the Household Cavalry will return their uniforms to store.

Members of the Territorial Force will at once report themselves for six months' training; their employers will, no doubt, grant the necessary leave (on salary) for this purpose.

Officers of the Remount Department will at once be dispatched to Hungary for the purpose of buying cavalry and artillery horses. N.B.—Should the enemy's fleet endeavour to intercept the supply, a détour via Irkutsk, Yokohama, and Quebec will be necessary, which fact should be noted by all concerned when notifying probable date of delivery.

Admirals Fisher and Beresford will report themselves to the Admiralty (care being taken that they approach by separate entrances).

Should the enemy be unable to speak English, staff officers will immediately take steps to meet the occasion by (*a*) indenting upon Messrs. Appenrodt for a supply of conversationalists; (*b*) an intelligent use of Fuego's "French in Five Minutes"—fortnightly parts. In the event of the enemy being of some nationality not covered by the foregoing—*e.g.*, Eurasia or Palestine—uniformed representatives from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son will attend to place their services at the disposition of the authorities.

All engagements will be fought, as far as possible, on ground which is familiar to the Home Forces; for this purpose, Salisbury Plain (Regulars) and Wimbledon Common (Territorials) are indicated.

All men who have recently been discharged from the Arsenal, and have accepted service in other countries, will be expected to return to Woolwich and report themselves for work. They must, however, do so at their own expense, and continuance of employment is not guaranteed.

Speaking generally, the same course of procedure as was adopted on the occasion of the last war, will, as far as possible, be adhered to.

Awarded Gold Medal at The Franco-British Exhibition.

WINCARNIS

The Famous Wine Tonic.

TO COUNTERACT CHILLS AND INFLUENZA.

PROTECTS THE HEALTH. There is unfortunately, a tendency to deterioration in all large cities. Men, and women too, rush about, eat quickly and often unsuitably, worry all day in a vitiated and dust-laden atmosphere, come home overtired, and spend half the night awake and disturbed. No wonder they get "run down." The remedy for a "run down" condition is "Wincarnis," the famous meat and malt wine tonic. "Wincarnis," protects one's health by raising the powers of resistance to disease. It makes the blood warm and rich in red corpuscles, gives a vigorous circulation.

FREE TRIAL. Send three penny stamps (to pay cost of carriage) to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll obtain a sample bottle, free of charge. Mention this paper.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can buy "Wincarnis" at any wine merchant's, and Chemist's or Grocer's who are licensed to sell wines. You can buy "Wincarnis" with Quinine of Chemists.

"Wincarnis" is also prepared with Iron or Pepsine, or Celery or Quinine.

Contractors to His Majesty's Forces and the R.A.M.C., and by appointment to T. M.'s the King and Queen of Spain.

COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., WINCARNIS WORKS NORWICH.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—Nos. XXIX. and XXX.

WILL ANYONE HELP?

Is there anyone among our readers who will lend a hand to a man placed in the distressing circumstances described below :—

The sufferer is 35 years of age, and is a Chartered secretary. Until two years ago he was in employment, and had held various positions. He has testimonials from all with whom he has had business relations, which, one and all, testify to his high character, his industry, and his competence. He lost his last post owing to the company going into liquidation, and holds a letter from the chairman of the board in which he is spoken of in the highest terms. There is no black mark against him anywhere. Since then he has been trying without ceasing to get employment, and has got nothing beyond odd jobs which have done but little to keep the wolf from the door. He has a young wife of 25, and a child of 4 months. Little by little, all that a man of gentle birth and upbringing, and careful life, accumulated in happier years has passed to the pawnbroker. Last week he lost his home. His wife, owing mainly to worry and insufficient food, is now seriously ill, and has nothing before her but the Parish Infirmary. What is to become of the infant? God only knows, for though the man's relatives—he belongs to one of the oldest families in England— are many and well-to-do, and he has quarrelled with none of them, he can get help from none, because all profess to believe, and perhaps do believe, that a Chartered secretary in the prime of his powers need not starve in London if only he cares to work. And yet this man is on the brink of starvation, and his wife and child are as we say.

It seems almost incredible that a man of 35, sober, steady, industrious, master of a necessary profession, and living in the heart of London, cannot get work if he will. And yet he assures us, and we believe him—we have tested his statements—that he is starving because he cannot get work. He will take anything that will give him food, and enable him to find a roof for his wife and child—anything that is honest work—and for it he will accept a wage not much better than starvation wage, and—if that counts with anybody—he will be grateful for the help. Once more, can any of our readers put him in the way of work? If so, and he or they will communicate with us, we will put him in touch with the man whose cause we plead.

And here is another distressing case :—

May I tell you the facts of my husband's case? Last August twelvemonth my husband was arrested and charged at Bow Street by Lord Russell's butler—Lord Russell appearing against him next morning—for stealing £3 from his lordship's private house. He was remanded to Brixton for a week so that he could prove an alibi; was proved innocent, and discharged without a slur upon his character.

He was advised to bring an action for false imprisonment. He did so at Duncan Terrace, Islington; the jury found for us, but the judge over-ruled. A little money was collected on a sheet for us so that we could appeal. The appeal was dismissed.

Last Monday Lord Russell's solicitor sent a broker's man to our place to seize our home for £19 12s. Seeing there was not sufficient things they went away.

We have no money, as it has practically almost ruined us to bring the action and defend him. My husband is only a window cleaner; he lost some work through the case. I run a small shop at the above address, and have two children to keep.

Seeing how you publish cases in your paper, I wonder if it will help us if you could make ours known?

ESTHER SAMLER.

25, Bowling Green Lane,
Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

If, at this Christmas time, any reader cares to give Mrs. Samler a help, now is the opportunity.

IN the matter of Francis Webb—see Human Document, December 12th—we have to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from Mr. Felix Leroy, of South Hackney.

INDEPENDENT EXPERT ADVICE on all insurance matters. Existing policies examined and criticised in the interests of the insurer and their weak points disclosed. Before renewing existing policies and before taking out new ones consult the **INSURANCE ADVICE ASSOCIATION, 31, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.** Invalid lives and hazardous risks insured on most advantageous terms.

RESOLUTIONS.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS THAT LEAD TO GREATER HOME COMFORT.

BY GEORGE COLSWORE.

There's no man living, we should say, who at such a period as this does not turn over in his mind thoughts that are to materialise in the shape of greater personal comfort. Every woman, too, as the solemn first of January arrives, loves to think over all those things she will do to make home more beautiful and life a larger success.

The time of resolutions is an important one, and if only half our assertions and protestations bear fruit we should be truly thankful.

What is the best resolution to make is a question of importance, and we have, after careful thought, decided that the man or woman who decides to improve the home, to make it brighter, cosier and more comfortable, is adopting the wisest course.

After all, home is of great importance. The woman with a well-furnished house feels well-established. She can even enjoy the subtle pleasure of inciting envy, and certainly socially her advantage is great.

To the man, good furniture tastefully arranged is a solace, and to many men the well-furnished house means additional professional success. To succeed it is necessary to appear successful is a truism, and the man who can show the outward and visible sign of affluence is planting his ladder leading to prosperity on solid ground.

There has been a great revival in the matter of tasteful artistic furnishing, and certainly at the head of the movement must be placed Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander, the pioneer firm, of 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. They have accomplished all in their power not only to create artistic wares, but also to inaugurate modern methods of acquiring the same.

It was Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander who inaugurated the modern system of extended payments, superseding old harsh systems, whereby the intending purchaser could secure all the articles required, and by adding but five per cent. to the cash prices extend payments over any period.

The system placed such furniture as is supplied to the highest classes of the aristocracy within the reach of all.

It is of course impossible to detail more fully the excellent system this firm has introduced, but we can refer all readers of JOHN BULL to an excellent book on furnishing Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander are issuing, copies of which will be sent free on application.

This book is quite unique, and will convey many brilliant ideas to those who contemplate refurnishing in the immediate future. It is a book that may always be stored and referred to at leisure, and is an appropriate gift at this season of the year.

All readers of JOHN BULL are advised to write for a special free copy without delay. Applications should be addressed to Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. The firm's telephone numbers are 1850 Gerrard, 14299 Central. Telegraphic address: "Wolfhol," London.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAMOUS MEDIUM.—IV.

STORY OF THE GREAT "SCIENTIFIC" HOAX.

Private versus Professional Humbug.

By Douglas Blackburn.

It has, I believe, been the rule of the S.P.R. to avoid the employment of paid or professional agents, the assumption being the not unnatural one that where the agent is making a profit out of his services he may be tempted to imposture. But it by no means follows that the absence of a monetary consideration will ensure good faith. Mr. Frank Podmore—whose attitude towards telepathy has always been admirably impartial and level-headed—has well expressed my ideas on this matter. He says:—"It is not the friend whom we know whose eyes must be closed and his ears muffled, but the 'Mr. Hyde,' whose lurking presence in each of us we are only now beginning to suspect."

The Jekyll and Hyde idea is excellent. A case I shall mention in which I was "had" in the matter of the clairvoyants illustrates it. There is something in human nature which prompts many people to delight in humbugging others. It is a form of vanity, an affectation of mental superiority. I frankly confess that this was the motive power which mostly influenced me. My youthful vanity was flattered at the notion of my being able to hoodwink men of a vastly superior mental calibre to myself, and I venture to say that most very young men would have felt a thrill of exultation in the knowledge that they had been able to set at nought the wisdom of the wise. I don't say there is anything commendable in this, but I do say the weakness is very human.

To the gratification of vanity must be added another important consideration which I am certain has influenced many who have taken part in "spoofs" on spiritualists, the belief that one is helping to kill a ridiculous credulity by that most potent of weapons, ridicule.

These are my reasons for attaching so little weight to the claim that the evidence in support of psychic phenomena comes from private and apparently reputable and reliable people. Every person who has had any experience in sifting evidence is aware that misstatement does not necessarily imply intentional fraud. I am satisfied that many of the witnesses cited by the S.P.R. honestly believe they are telling the truth, but I have so often found the most honourable witnesses touching up the weak points in their stories, and have heard so many otherwise reliable people describing things that S. and I never performed, that I feel justified in manifesting the utmost incredulity in accepting the testimony of reporters of psychic phenomena when the incidents described are otherwise uncorroborated.

It is a reasonable hypothesis that if two young men like S. and myself could, practically on the spur of the moment, devise means for mystifying the trained scientific observers of the S.P.R., there may be others who could, and did develop the line of experiment S. and I inaugurated. After all our system of signalling was very crude compared with the codes employed by later professional "thought readers."

The Trio of Triumphs.

I will now describe the three great experiments which probably did more than all that had gone before, and much that followed—to convince Messrs. Myers and Gurney of the actuality of that form of telepathy of which S. and I were the exponents. The value of these consists in the apparently absolute elimination of any possibility of communication by the medium of the known senses.

By this time M. and G. had become adepts in producing staggerers in the shape of figures not describable in words and our failures were numerous. Now and then, however, we produced a result so satisfactory as to compensate for many non-successes, for it may be taken for granted that as the difficulties increased our wits were proportionately sharpened. There is also another very important fact to remember. Thanks to the obliging manner in which M. and G. yielded to all our suggestions, we were practically able to impose our own conditions, just as in the once popular cabinet trick the person who ties up the medium honestly believes he is making his own knots, when, as a matter of fact, he is using a slip knot forced upon him by the conjuror.

Owing to the latitude permitted us, we could always

THE GOOSE GRATIFIES BUT FOR A MOMENT.

The really pleasing

XMAS PRESENT

Combines Elegance with Utility, and is to the Recipient

A thing of beauty—A joy for ever.

Style 1, The 'STANDARD' *P.G., 2/4; C.G., 4/4. Post Free.

Such is the

"CAPITOL" INKSTAND.

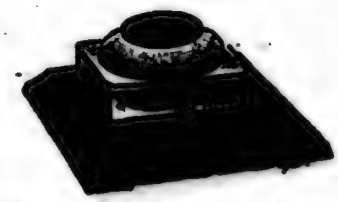
The "Capitol" captivates everybody. It is a large handsome inkstand, constructed on scientific principles—a broad flat base to give stability and a graceful, dome-shaped reservoir to hold the supply of several months. Protected both from air and dust, the ink neither evaporates nor clogs, but is always clear and fluid until the last drop is used from the small depression under funnel. Dipping, free and natural—no pressing down of funnel, and just the right amount of ink is supplied to the pen. Free access for washing out; nothing to get out of order. The "Capitol," the most practical, handsome, and reliable inkstand ever seen. Delightfully simple and simply delightful.

Avoid the worry of shopping. Select a "Capitol"; send us a three days' post-dated Money Order, and if you do not like the "Capitol" when you see it, send it back, and we will return your money without question.

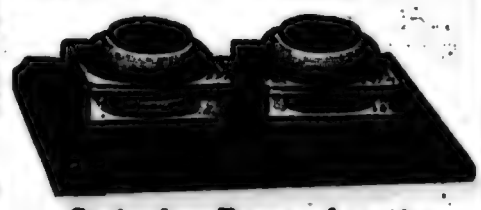
Send Now—time flies and Xmas is at hand.

THE GEM N SUPPLIES Co., Ltd.,

Style 2, The 'EXTENSION' Pressed Glass, 3/10, POST FREE.



Style 3, with wood base. † *P.G. 4/11; C.G. 8/11 POST FREE.



Style 4.—Two on base.† *P.G., 8/7; C.G., 12/7. POST FREE.

22, PEARTREE STREET, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON.
Sterling Silver Covers for Funnels 6/6 extra.

Style 5.—Board Room Set, *P.G., 18/6; C.G., 22/6; C.G., with silver cover, 42/-. Post Free.

*P.G. means Pressed Glass. C.G. means Cut Glass.
†Base in Oak, Mahogany, or Black.

take our own time over an experiment, and if it failed, had opportunity to attempt it again in another form at the next sitting.

The conditions under which S. was required to reproduce a diagram were apparently impossible. First he was blindfolded in the most scientific manner—an entirely superfluous proceeding, as he had no use for his eyes. His ears were stopped with wool and putty, and he and the chair he sat in were completely enveloped in a very large and thick blanket.

Further to decrease the probability of any sound signal being conveyed by my movements, I stood on a thick soft wool rug behind, well out of touching distance of S. When S. had been completely insulated, G. went to another room, drew the figure and gave it to me. In perfect silence, and under the eyes of three or four watchers I proceeded to transfer that irregular, indescribable drawing to the mind of the deaf and dumb S. beneath the blanket without touch or sound.

Within ten minutes S. exclaimed "I have it!" And under the cover of the blanket drew with pencil a copy of the figure so amazingly correctly that he might have had the original before him.

The second experiment was even more conclusive and astounding, for the conditions were absolutely perfect. The scene was the rooms of the Society at Dean's Yard, and what makes the thing more marvellous is that I had not seen S. that day, nor did I see him until after the experiment. I arrived rather late, and he was with one of the investigators in another room, quite out of sight and hearing.

Mr. Myers drew another of his indescribable scrawls, and I proceeded to transfer a picture of it to the mind of S. without any regard to the direction in which the room lay where he sat guarded by G. awaiting the opening up of psychic rapport. I spent some time—probably half an hour—in concentrating my mind on my objective, sometimes pacing the room a few steps, but always under the eye of M. and never going near the door or wall between S.'s room and mine.

Only once did I speak. In a quiet tone I suggested to M. my belief that S. was not trying.

M. went to the door, and addressing G., repeated my observation. G. came into our room and assured us that S. was apparently doing his best to get into mental touch with me. Twice more I complained, and brought S. into my room. Ten minutes later G. came back carrying the drawing made by S.

It was almost a replica of that done by M., and our greatest triumph was complete.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUTHFUL BUCCANEER.

(SCENE: A Prison-Cell in Port Royal.)

I.

Chaplain: Thy looks are young, thy face is fair:
Art *thou* a buccaneer?
And must ye die the morrow morn?
Why, lad, how came ye here?

II.

Prisoner: I loved a maid, I loved her true;
But she was *Royalty*,
And I was a poor peasant lad:
So she knew nought of me.

III.

I saw her first in London Town,
A riding in the street:
My heart went up an' down like dirt
From off her horse's feet.

IV.

I came away, I reached my home
In bitterness an' blight;
Henceforth I could not work by day,
I could not rest by night.

V.

I could not work, I could not sleep;
I found nor ease nor cheer:
And so I came to take the sea,
A rovin' buccaneer.*

E. H. VISIAK.

* He was hanged on Christmas Day, 1690.

FOR FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS.

It is highly important that a preparation should be used which is the result of scientific training and long practical experience.

J.B. | JUNON COUPON. | 26/12/08.

This entitles the holder to a Large Trial Bottle of Junon True Hair Stimulant on terms as advertised.

JUNON TRUE HAIR STIMULANT

is such a preparation, embodying as it does a long and careful study of the various medicinal substances which MIGHT be suitable for Hair Troubles, and the just as careful selection of those which ARE effective.

Most of the cases we have investigated prove that what is good for DRY, Brittle HAIR is not equally good for "GREASY" HAIR.

THEREFORE JUNON TRUE HAIR STIMULANT IS MADE IN TWO FORMS, one for dry and brittle and the other for "greasy" hair, and not only will it quickly stop the falling out of the hair, and so nourish it as to make it beautifully and naturally glossy and luxuriant, but where bald patches exist it will stimulate the dormant roots to fresh life, and will feed the growth so that the bald patches will be thickly covered with an abundance of new hair.

BUT WHY NOT TEST OUR CLAIMS?

We shall be pleased to send a Large Trial Bottle on receipt of attached coupon and Six Penny Stamps, together with a statement of the condition of the hair for which it is to be used.

JUNON, Ltd. Dept. 1, **10a, Soho Square, London, W.**

HELEN TO MAB.

Mab Dear,—Have you had two most earnest pamphlets from the "Divorce Society"? If ever the "objects and reforms" set forth in them become law, life will have a new terror, and matrimony a fresh zest. It will be so difficult to remain married that it will become the one thing really worth doing. If you are trying in your temper, bring public disgrace on your family—(what about the Political Prisoners?)—or get two years' imprisonment, and, I suppose, support the Licensing Bill or apply for your Old Age Pension, you will be divorced before you have time to want to be; and if by any chance you wish for a divorce, and even in this wide field can discover no cause, you have only to mention it to the Court, and the Judge will think of one for you. This "Divorce Society" is as drastic in its ideas as was the late Empress of China.

Until the *Academy* pointed it out, I had no idea that some people wrote such very naughty books. I must read them to see. Neither did I know that the test for morality in literature was whether the book could be wisely put into the hands of a young girl. Young girls are not the only people in the world, and, after all, the public is not forced to buy any book. Is it because women have votes in New Zealand that in that country they put old women on the Magisterial Bench? I would not care to be a bookseller there, and the *Academy* apparently wants to make it as unpleasant here. Imagine having to read all the books you sell or hope to sell! I never heard such nonsense.

Have you read the "Grammar of Life," by G. T. Wrench? He says a few things in very many words, and among others that happiness is obtained by adapting oneself to one's environment. We all knew that long ago, but Mr. Wrench does not tell us how to do it. If we knew we might tell these militant spirits in prison, the Suffragists. "Low spirits in prison" the Colonel calls them. By the way, did you happen to see a letter in the papers from a very angry gentleman? He calls these poor ladies "shameless viragoes," and, still more unkindly, "ill-educated provincial females." He also suggests that they should be "bearing babies instead of banners and placards in our streets and parks." Eh? What?

Do you really want a vote, Mab? It would be rather a bore. It seems that you can only use the thing quite occasionally, and when that moment comes, you would probably have lots of other more amusing things to do, or the weather might be bad. Would you turn out and vote? It is, I understand, a most illiterate performance, anyway. You just put a cross somewhere. Why not send your maid to do it, or, why can't they call for it?

A parliament of women would be the funniest thing in the world. You and I will never be members, even if any constituency would return us, but when things are going to be lively in the House we will go to the Strangers' Gallery. The men, of course, will be behind the Grille.

Mab, on second thoughts I withdraw what I said about isolating men behind the Grille. When our dearest enemy is addressing the House, I think we might have mixed grille—don't you? Have you the slightest hope that women will ever pull together? You know they won't.

"Each one damning damns the other,
They are damned by one another,
By none other are they damned."

Do you know Mr. Richard Whiteing? If so, do ask him to go on writing pretty stories and to stop drawing morals. His stories are so delightful, and his moralising so dull.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I recognise his really delightful characters when I meet them in the street. The old woman who "scrubbed all London" and was a connoisseur in knots in deal boards, the little boy with the supply of salt for the pigeons' tails, and the charming child who longed to begin his letters to the housemaid, "Fair Cruelty," and simply insisted on signing them "Abelard," although it was "*not* the French for James." He reminds me of the small boy who was convinced that "*pas ce tout*" meant "father of all."

A new book reached me to-day. If it is good I will send it you. It is "The Iron Heel," by Jack London. This sentence caught my eye:—

"Your sociology is as vicious and worthless as is your method of thinking!"

If this is the way they are going to talk there will be wigs on the green.

Good-bye, Mab. Write soon. Helen.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

To the Secretary,
London and Paris Exchange, Ltd.,
Basildon House,
Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

Name .....

Address .....

[John Bull Coupon.] .....

BRONCHITIS

Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs and Colds.

A NURSE'S ADVICE.

Nurse Bradshaw, of 67, Dunard St., Glasgow, a fully certificated professional nurse, writes:—"I advise every mother, patient, and friend to keep Veno's Lightning Cough Cure in their home. It is a marvellous cure for coughs, colds and chronic chest troubles, and I can, in every way, thoroughly recommend it. I myself suffered for six weeks from a severe bronchial cough, which troubled me greatly, and at last tried your great remedy; after one bottle the bronchial tubes became clear, the tickling cough ceased, and after two bottles I was quite cured."

A BRITISH MOTHER WHOSE FAMILY DOCTOR IS VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

CURED AFTER 30 YEARS.

Mr. J. Churchill, of Dowlish Wake, Ilminster, Somerset, says:—"Nearly thirty years ago I had contracted inflammation of the lungs, which left me with Bronchial Asthma of a very severe type, my cough being so bad that people said if ever they heard a 'churchyard cough' I had it. I could hardly lie in bed, and three doctors said I would never get better, but at last I was induced to try Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and soon found I was on the right track at last, and now, thanks to your remedy, my asthma is entirely gone, and I am at work as hard as ever."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and surest remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES,

9½d. A BOTTLE.

ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

Larger sizes 1/1½ and 2/9. Of all Chemists, or post free from the Veno Drug Co., Cedar Street, Manchester.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Xmas Gift.

Blessings rest with both the giver and receiver when a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen changes hands. The giver sends the best fountain pen made, and the recipient is more and more convinced of this by the daily helpfulness of the Gift. This is a fact worth remembering for Xmas. Ask your Stationer to also show you Waterman's Ideal Pump-Filling and Safety Pens (at 12/6 and upwards)

Prices: 10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/- and upwards. In silver and Gold for presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers etc. Booklet post free from L. & C. HABDT-MUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.; New York: 170, Broadway; Paris: 6, Rue de Hanovre; Vienna: Kärnthnerstrasse 9; Milan: Via Bossi 4; Dresden: Prager-strasse 6; Brussels: 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.

"LUNTIN" Mixture

"Light and cool"

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH

50

CAMBUS Whisky

FAMED FOR OVER 50 YEARS

BULL'S EYES.

In consequence of the revolution, the President of Hayti has left the island. No doubt he is better off.

At a recent sale a book was sold for £2,000. A good one to get notes out of.

"The policeman is the handyman of the land," says Col. Trimble. And of the "seize" too.

"Woman is a riddle," says a contemporary. But most of us find her answer.

It is stated that the music piracy has broken out again. On the high C's we presume.

"There are few clever women who shine all round," says Briton Lambert. And these few cast reflections on others.

The new book, "The Artificial Girl," is, of course, divided into parts instead of chapters.

"There are some great swine in editorial life," says the *Tennessee Bugle*. Whole hoggers, of course.

According to *The Times*, "the Government are bound hand and foot." So the House of Commons is a "tied" one.

Mr. Birrell declares that the Government will "prosecute the Licensing Bill." It deserves it.

It is proposed to issue stop watches to the police for timing motorists. They should be called "chronomotors."

"You cannot keep a good man down," says the San Francisco *News Letter*. Of course not; a good man is always well brought up.

The Lambeth Guardians have decided to spend £8 on records for the workhouse gramaphones. Why not call them playhouses?

Four hundred and thirty thousand gallons of rum were purchased for the Navy this year. No wonder it is "groggy."

The Acton man discovered rolling about the road, which he was trying to measure with a rule, had evidently taken too many measures already.

"Milton was essentially a Radical," says Professor Manley. No doubt, but Milton was blind.

If the suggestion to mark the spot where Tyburn Tree once stood is carried out, it will become one of the sites of London.

"The House of Lords is a bad place in which to hear," says the *Express*. This is not always a drawback.

The number of robberies from automatic gas-meters is stated to be very great. Apparently it is an offence some folks make light of.

"Music-hall Shot," reads a headline. Brought the house down, no doubt.

Why call a woman a Suffragette when she hasn't got the suffrage yet?

"Only angels are perfect," says Cosmo Hamilton. But we seem to have heard of "perfect devils."

Cambridge undergrads have been forbidden to motor on Sundays. It will no longer be a fast day.

The Irish cripple whose wife thrashed him with his own crutches on the wedding eve apparently hadn't a leg to stand on.

"Every man thinks he could do some other man's work better than his own," says Professor Stoneleigh. This explains the critic.

With nothing but a shirt on, a Tottenham householder chased a burglar through the streets for half a mile, and caught him. A bare win.

"The Iron Heel," is the name of a new book. It should make a good impression.

"How to Raise a Skirt," reads a headline. A new pair of open-work stockings does it better than anything we know.

The New York man who is being examined as to his sanity because he made expensive gifts to his wife, probably had his reason.

"The woman who has given up all idea of marriage is a confessed failure," says an American journal. But there never was such a woman.

"A taxi-cab! What is that?" asked Judge Willis recently. Truly Justice must be blind.

A claim against a minor has been dismissed on the ground that the clothes were not necessities. So the tailor lost his suit.

"Germany doesn't know what she wants," says a Parisian paper. And the rest of the world doesn't know what Germany doesn't want.

Dean Farthing, of Ontario, has been elected Bishop of Montreal. No change to be got out of him.

"Bishop's War on Hats," we read. Is he "taking them off"?

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AS AN
ABSOLUTELY SAFE LAMP.

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The only Lamp allowed to be Lighted at the
Agricultural Hall & Olympia Exhibitions.

Burns with a Pure White Light at Less Cost than Paraffin.

Prices from
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No Liquid. No Wick. No Smell.
No Smoke. No Cleaning Required.

If Overturned the Lamps immediately go out.

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Or at the Showrooms, **202, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.**
(opposite British Museum Tube Station).

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

B. W. V. (Walthamstow) awards us one of our own biscuits for saying, apropos the Hampstead Garden Suburb, that "in one of the houses the larder is outside, near the front door." We have forwarded the biscuit on to the author of the article.

G. A. F. (London, W.).—You could get Bradlaugh's works from the Pioneer Press, 2, Newcastle Street, E.C.

"FAIRPLAY" (Lower Kennington) tells us we were slightly misled re the shoeblack recently arrested for taking betting papers, and gives us information which, if correct, certainly puts a somewhat different aspect upon the matter.

H. S. (Exeter), C. H. M. (London, S.W.), C. W. (Bristol), A. S. C. (Exeter) and others point out that Mr. A. B. Dunn, who is acting as solicitor for the defendants in Rex v. Bottomley and others, is Member for the Camborne Division of Cornwall, and not Exeter, as stated by "Onlooker."

A. B. (Hendon).—We have read your letter with interest and are glad to learn from you that the writer of the article on the "Hampstead Garden Suburb" under-rated the advantages offered by the Hampstead Tenants, Limited, to their tenants. We referred to the matter last week in correction of some of the statements of the article in question.

"BLUE JAY" (Rochester).—We have already published a series of articles on the "living-in" system.

"TOLOGY" (Birmingham) says that sceptics, who love Jim Crow "so skimpy," should go "where it's hot and impy." But they might meet him there.

G. T. C. (Church).—Queer. But the solicitor for Miss Symons should know the remedy.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Walton-on-Thames).—We think that all our geese are swans, and all our geegees certain winners; but, unfortunately, we are not in their confidence.

RESIDENT (Herne Bay).—Has attention. On your statements, you live in a nice place to get out of.

E. P. (Forest Hill).—The precise amount we pay for a biscuit is £0 0s. 0d., and some of those submitted would be dear at the price.

H. T. (Aston Manor).—We will ask Mrs. Bull, but we should have thought it was possible for a lady to wear two coats. Sir Tatton Sykes wears six, we believe.

H. D. C. (Princes' Street).—The law about begging wants revision. The drunken man in question was rather rash to ask a policeman for a penny with which to buy beer. If he had offered to stand beer, all might have been well.

"IGNORAMUS" (Brighton) wants to know whether it is true that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." We should not imagine that anyone else would want to claim the authorship. No doubt our correspondent is aware that Voltaire alluded to the author as "this barbarian."

"DOC" (West Green) quotes "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, we saw the Frenchmen *lay*," and says they must have been geese. Or frogs?

T. C. W. (Lincoln) objects to our awarding a biscuit to a man who advertised the loss of a pig with "no marks upon his ears except a short tail and a slight limp in one leg." But he gives no reason for his objection, which is accordingly overruled.

A. A. (Sidcup).—We note your correction and pass on the biscuit to Councillor Dewer.

F. G. F.—You forgot to stamp your envelope. Cider may at present be sold without a licence in larger quantities than 4½ gallons for consumption off the premises. So far as we are aware, the two horses you mention have not met.

"DESIREUX" (Newport) and "BOOK-KEEPER" (Hull).—The employment agency is certainly genuine, but the commission when placed is at the rate of 5 per cent. on one year's salary, whether the engagement lasts so long or not.

W. R. L., JR. (Kew).—You should go to one of the "Doctor's" lectures and expose him, if your facts are right.

"SAF" (Cape Town) objects to our paragraph at the beginning of Jim Crow's articles, and suggests we should content ourselves with saying that we do not necessarily identify ourselves with all his views. "Saf" adds: "You must admit that, with all his nonsense, he does write logically now and then." This is faint praise, but Jim is always glad of any.

"BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH" objects to the use of the word England when the United Kingdom is meant. We apologise, and will try to reform, though, after all, we still regard England as the predominant partner; and, even if we did always speak of Britain, our Irish friends might express annoyance.

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES
with Return of Purchase Money.
For Particulars write
Gresham Life Assurance Society, Ltd.,
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.
Assets Exceed £9,800,000. JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary.

Don't let Whisky get the best of you: ask for Anderson's Three Star and get the best of Whisky! THE Scotch Whisky for refined palates.

Anderson's Prices.

Anderson's is essentially a whisky for connoisseurs and for those who appreciate a really first-class article at a moderate price. Anderson's does not compete with the many cheap, widely-advertised brands on the market. At 4s. per bottle Anderson's is a "Whisky de luxe" at a popular price. Those who are in the habit of drinking expensive wines, who will pay anything for champagne for example, are recommended to substitute "Anderson and water" or "Anderson and Roisdorf" Natural Table Water, and note how much better both in health and pocket they will be for the change.

Anderson's Three Star Whisky, for refined palates.

One Quality. **4/- per Bottle.** One Price.

IN CASE OF 1 DOZ. BOTTLES, containing two gallons, 48/-

Order through your wine and spirit merchant, or from the Proprietors at the address below:

W. ANDERSON & CO. (1908), LTD.,
36, Mark Lane, LONDON, E.C.

Special Introductory Offer.

As a special introductory offer, and to avoid delay if your merchant has not yet got in a supply of Anderson's Whisky, the proprietors will send to any address in the United Kingdom, packed in FREE CASE and CARRIAGE PAID:—

3 BOTTLES OF ANDERSON AND 3 BOTTLES OF ROISDORF NATURAL TABLE WATER for 12/-

Kindly fill in coupon below and post it, with your remittance.

To Messrs. W. Anderson & Co. (1908), Ltd.,
36, Mark Lane, E.C.

.....19.....

Please send me carriage paid your special trial case, containing 3 Bottles of Anderson's Three Star Scotch Whisky and 3 Bottles of Roisdorf, for which I enclose .....(*Cheque, P.O., or M.O.*) for 12/-.

Name (*and title, Mr., Mrs., Rev., etc.*) .....

.....

Address.....

Town.....

* Name of usual wine merchant.....

* Address of ditto .....

* *Messrs. Anderson & Co. would esteem this information so as to arrange for future supply, if required.*

W. W. M. (East Dulwich) sends us a very striking poem of his own composition. We hereby appoint him Laureate to the Court of Jim Crow.

"Leviticus" was told by us some time ago that he must be Scotch. His friends now call him "Scotch," because they say that, if they see anything in John Bull, it is so. Quite right!

J. A. B. (Sheffield).—These "railway clearance" sales are usually swindles, so we congratulate your wife on obtaining a length of cloth for half the ordinary value.

"Kimberley Scot."—It is always a compliment to hear from distant readers, and it is quite possible that we should agree with you if we were out there.

N. B. D. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—Of a man charged and remanded, we note the *Evening News* said, "He had entered, it was stated, a grocery store, and saying, 'I am starving,' commenced to eat it." Perhaps the editor would not be quite as voracious if he got one of our biscuits. The facts in the case are peculiar in other details also. What was the result of the remand?

W. H. (Tunbridge).—We have not heard of mechanics being "divorced from factories," except when the reactionaries lock them out. We agree that to discourage the production of beer is detrimental to a home industry.

"Still Hopeful" (Manchester) has answered 104 advertisements in the *Manchester Evening News* during the last ten weeks, sometimes enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply, but he has not received a single answer.

J. A. (Chorley).—Very sorry for you, but it all comes of having such a "good" Government in power.

H. B. (Bexhill).—We are sorry the young man was dismissed, but perhaps you were a little rash in talking "sternly" to his employer.

G. E. K. (Plumstead).—You are wrong in your facts when you say the Officer Commanding at Woolwich has issued orders forbidding tradesmen of any kind to the barracks and married quarters. The ordinary passes are issued, and if you have been disappointed in getting one there must be some reason for it.

H. E. E. (London) tells us the following is an actual copy of a bill recently delivered to a firm with which he is acquainted:—

	s.	d.
Osforaday	10	0
Aforahos	0	6
Foratakinofimomagen	0	6
	11	0

The following being the solution:—

	s.	d.
Horse for a day	10	0
Hay for a horse	0	6
For taking of him home again	0	6
	11	0

T. M. (Halifax).—Do the trams belong to the town? If so, get up a town's meeting. It won't cost you anything. Call at the Town Hall, and they will tell you what to do.

W. B. (Birmingham) wrote us a year ago about a system of backing horses and we advised him to keep it to himself. He now tells us that upon the principle of a £10 stake he has made, on paper, upwards of £12,000, and he wishes us to bring him up to London to work the system for us. But assuming that he has had only a few shillings on, himself, he must now have a nice little bit in hand, and by this time *next* year he should be a millionaire.

B. J. A. (London).—The difficulty is that it is the King who really issues all writs. So he would have to sue himself!

S. M. B. (Plymouth).—You forget this is the Twentieth Century. We are quite sure that if Nehemiah and Jeremiah were now alive they would alter their views.

W. E. E. (Cardiff), J. W. G. (Beverley), "Coalopoles" (Cardiff), W. S. G. (Bramhall), H. J. S. (Bristol), C. S. C. (Kilburn), J. E. (Peckham), T. L. (Burdett Road), D. W. P. (Kennington Park), H. M. (Glasgow), C. M. (Stamford Hill), F. H. G. (Nottingham), W. W. J. (Muswell Hill), J. C. (Ramsey), J. M. W. (Bristol), F. W. I. (Barrow-in-Furness), A. W. (Camden Town), C. W. H. (Margate), Mrs. S. B. (Kensington), W. B. J. (Wavertree), D. M. (Acton), H. T. G. (Woolwich), P. L. F. (Jersey), W. R. T. (St. John's Wood), Mrs. A. W. S. (Portobello), "Admirer" (West Bromwich), P. M. (Peckham Road), L. M. (Peckham), G. B. D. (Ely Place), W. A. C. (Peckham), J. F. (East Ham), "John Junior" (Hull), "Antepas" (Cardiff), T. S. H. (Crouch End), W. S. S. (Dorchester), P. H. T. (Brixton), W. K. (Shepherd's Bush), "Ted," G. H. F. (St. John's, S.E.), J. M., Miss F. L. (Hampstead), O. R. G. (Colwyn Bay), F. G. L. (Bristol), Miss N. F. W. (Thornton Heath), A. C. W. (Grays), W. S. (Highgate), W. C. S. (Bournville), V. A. S. (Forest Gate), L. S. (N. Camberwell), C. F. (Bristol), A. G. T. (East Dulwich), F. T. R. (St. John's Hill), H. W. (Romford), C. M. V. (Finchley), W. W. A. (Bishopston), R. H. E. (Woodhouse). *Ab imo pectore.*

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

For MEN ONLY

SHAVING.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is barely noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the Gatine Shaving Cream (in tubes) or the Gatine Shaving Stick, both of which are most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the Gatine Soaps for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as Gatine Cream, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or better still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave, this has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of Gatine Cream and Gatine Soap will be sent to all applicants together with a copy of our Booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

The Gatine Co., 270, Deanman Street, London, S.E.

A SPECIAL AND

VERY POPULAR PEN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

"KING EDWARD VII." PEN.

This new "Joseph Gillott" pen is a real treasure in use. Writing with a delightfully free action, the "King Edward VII." Pen adds speed to the fastest penworker and considerably lightens the duties of correspondence.

PRICE 2/6 per gross (3/6 gilt). Of Stationers, etc.

SAMPLE BOX containing 12 gilt "King Edward VII." Pens, Post Free, on forwarding 6 Penny Stamps 6/-

Joseph Gillott & Sons (Dept. 11), 37, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

BOOTALINE.

Do you have to pay Boot Repairers?

BOOTALINE.

Not a Dubbin or a Polish: Saves

HALF YOUR REPAIRERS' BILLS!

Boots or Shoes last Double: SOLES and Uppers.

BOOTALINE

Keeps your Boots shapely, makes them waterproof, doubles their life, halves your purchasing and repairing Bills.

BOOTALINE

Great Cash Prizes Competition.

First Prize not exceeding £1000.

Provides amusement at home, and may be a source of Independence for Life!

Full particulars in each package.

BOOTALINE.

Obtainable, Carriage Paid, 2/-, sufficient for a family, from

THE BOOTALINE COMPANY,

24, St. Thomas Chambers, London Bridge, S.E.

"TADDY'S"

"GRAPNEL"

MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.

Price 6d. per 1 oz. packet.

1/- per 2 oz. tin. 2/- per 4 oz. tin.

1904 CROP

Ten years ago you tasted the true flavour of Virginia tobacco at its best.

The opportunity has again returned.

The 1904 crop of Virginia tobacco was the best produced during the past ten years.

This fine tobacco has now been maturing for four years.

It is now in the best possible condition—mild, yet full of the true Virginia flavour, and it possesses a delightful aroma.

Carreras purchased the entire British consignment of the 1904 fine Virginia Crop.

All Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes are now being made from the famous 1904 crop Virginia.

Every Black Cat Virginia Cigarette containing 1904 crop tobacco has a small Maltese Cross printed above the trade mark—just above the cat's head—on every cigarette.

Look for the Maltese Cross—it is a guarantee of 1904 crop.

The only Virginia Cigarettes sold to-day which contain the tobacco of 1904 CROP are

Black Cat

FINE MATURED VIRGINIA—1904 CROP

Cigarettes

Packets, 10 for 3d.; 20 for 6d. Boxes, 50 for 1/3; 100 for 2/6.

Note. 1904 Crop Virginia is used only in Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes—not in Black Cat Mixture Cigarettes.

Test Light a Black Cat Virginia and any other Virginia cigarette together. Smoke from each alternately and *pass the smoke through the nose*. The Smoke from Black Cat will be smooth and mild—the other will "bite" the sensitive nerves in the nose. Black Cat tobacco is perfectly matured, the other is "green." Any Virginia cigarette at *any* price may be tested as above with a Black Cat Virginia.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK.

We present a free copy of this Book in exchange for 100 empty packets and paper sealing bands from Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes. Particulars on application to "The Queen's Gift Book," Carreras, Ltd., 42, St. James' Place, Aldgate, London, E.C.

ZOX CURES NEURALGIA.

Neuralgia Victims not yet acquainted with the efficacy of ZOX should take advantage of our free offer or purchase some powders from their Chemist. Insist on having ZOX, and do not be put off with the old tale that "something else is equally good." There is not another remedy for Neuralgia, Headache, or Toothache so reliable, so quick in its effect, or so safe to take as ZOX. It is certified free from injurious substances. Carry a ZOX Powder in your pocket ready to take immediately the pain starts.

Where the pain strikes

FREE OFFER.—Send stamped addressed envelope and mention JOHN BULL, and two sample Zox Powders will be sent you Free. You can thus test Zox at our expense. ZOX Powders of Chemists, 8d. box, &c., 1s. and 2s. 6d. per box, or post free from

THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

BENGER'S FOOD

A food of great nutritive value which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation.

When strength is returning after illness, a carefully regulated and increasing amount of exercise for the digestive functions is beneficial. Benger's Food is the only food which can be prepared so as to give the stomach this regulated amount of work.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

THE PREMIER HOTEL OF NORTH WALES.

GRAND HOTEL, LLANDUDNO.

Luxurious Dining Rooms, Lounge, Smoking Room, Drawing Room, Billiard Room, etc.

BRIGHT, AIRY and COMFORTABLE BEDROOMS.

Lighted by Electricity. Heated by Steam Radiators.

Adjoining Pier and Concert Room.

Sea Views. South Aspect. Sheltered Position.

Equable Climate. Clear, Dry and Bracing Atmosphere.

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Good Roads for Motoring and Cycling. Shooting.

Sea Fishing. Sea Water Baths. Garage. Dark Room.

Periodical Week-end Entertainments.

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME.

SPECIAL INCLUSIVE WINTER TERMS:

9/- per day; 3 Guineas per week.

Telegrams: "Grand, Llandudno." Telephone: 150 and 0281.

R. C. VAUGHAN, General Manager.

"AN IMPUDENT RASCAL."

With reference to the article that appeared in our last issue headed "An Impudent Rascal," and more particularly to the sentence which runs:—

> A sometime partner of his (*i.e.*, Boon's) is now doing time,

Mr. Mackwood, the founder of Mackwood and Co., the title under which Boon at present trades, desires us to say that this reference is not to him. We hasten to make this explanation. The reference is to a man named Pelgate.

"JOHN BULL'S" TOPICAL CATECHISMS.—II.

By Walter Moore.

JAM.

Q.—What is the derivation and meaning of the word "Jam"?

A.—The word is of Oriental origin, as is also the word "rob," both meaning "to squeeze tight."

Q.—What is the peculiar privilege of a Jam?

A.—The repudiation of lawful debts.

Q.—May not the word also bear some relationship to the old French *Jamboier*, meaning to walk, or, in other words, to give "*leg bail*"?

A.—Probably; thereby establishing a connection between cricket and Jam.

Q.—How's that, umpire?

A.—Well, if he does it again he'll be out.

Q.—Who was the author of the well-known lines—

There once was an affluent Jam
Who said, "Know that I am that I am!
And though I may owe
A hundred or so,
Let me tell you I don't care a damn"?

A.—Crosse and Blackwell.

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Fire & Accident Insurance
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Capital £50,000. Premium Income over £20,000.

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Fire, Burglary, Plate Glass, Accident, Sickness, Drivers' Accident Departments.
WEEKLY PREMIUMS.

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For Particulars apply at:
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WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page iii of cover.

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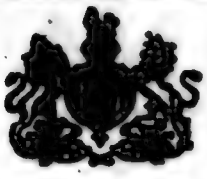
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS



TO H.M. THE KING.

TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

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NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

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CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.
THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

FACTS FROM A FIRESIDE STUDY.

Have you ever sat down to watch a fire burning—thought about it—realised how it burns?

The fire season—the colder days and the longer nights—is coming. You will have an odd hour by the fire one of these nights with nothing particular to do.

Perhaps you will notice that, up to a certain point, the more coal you put on the fire the finer blaze you will get.

But only up to a certain point. The residue of the coal, the ashes, must be taken out from underneath the coal.

If they are allowed to remain, you can feed the fire from the top, but it will not burn—it will literally choke tself out.

Now, imagine your life as a fire with your body as a grate. Normally, food is your fuel. But the body must consume it, and for this you depend on the stomach.

If the stomach is not digesting the food, you can go on feeding for ever—if that were humanly possible—but you will not gain strength.

The man who eats two ounces of beef and digests it all is better off than the man who eats half a pound and digests none of it.

Not how much you eat, but how much you digest, matters.

Eating with Indigestion is like Feeding a Fire choked with ashes. And life will burn lower and lower like the fire and in time will flicker out.

Nearly all our minor ailments, and very many of our more serious disorders, are due to Indigestion. A man who eats well and digests well is well. So is a woman under the same conditions. A man who does not digest what he eats, is ill. He is very ill. So is a woman under the same conditions.

It is impossible to be well with Indigestion. It is possible to become ill to the point of death if Indigestion is not remedied.

Perhaps you have no appetite, or a feeble one. Perhaps you are afraid to eat because it hurts you after, or makes you sick and bilious. That is Indigestion.

Perhaps you have acidity, or heartburn, headache, or flatulence. Perhaps your system does not act regularly. Again—your trouble is Indigestion.

So is Palpitation and Shortness of Breath; so is Dizziness or Fear of Falling; so is Neuralgia or Nervous Breakdown; so is Loss of Sleep or Insomnia. The cause is Indigestion.

Do not leave the stomach to right itself. Sometimes it does—mostly it does not. And you suffer all the time. But you will be certain of a good result—a swift cure of Indigestion—by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, a digestive tonic compounded from roots and herbs. Read this testimony from Mrs. S. A. Bassett, Venetian Place, Woodhouse, Leeds, dated April 13th, 1908.

"For a long time I dreaded to eat because of the pain which followed, and was troubled with sickness and headache. But Mother Seigel's Syrup completely cured me, and I have been well for three years."

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in TABLET FORM and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2s. 9d. One size only.

JOHN BULL

LOOKING WELL.

John Bull looks as well as anyone and joval too. So broad, so sturdy, and so strong. Folks say, "How well you look!" Poor John is really ill like so many of us, and dare not say so—people would not believe him.

Looks belie people. Only those who are ill know how much suffering there is. How we wish our heads didn't ache! Or we wish food was enjoyable and would digest—wish we hadn't the pain, flatulence, and the acidity that follows eating.

Why "wish" only? Take a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup. There is renewed hope and renewed health in every drop of it. It will so tone up and strengthen the digestion that life itself becomes a new joy.

"For so long as I remember, Mother Seigel's Syrup has been used by the various members of my family, from time to time, for indigestion and allied complaints, always with excellent results. As for myself, it has kept me fit and well for more than twelve years past."—SAMUEL R. EVANS, B.A., 41, Rosebery Road, Redfield, Bristol. Jan. 8th, 1908.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Take it daily after Meals. The 2/9 size contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Medley.

The Ebor Handicap has only once been won by a steeplechaser, Cassock's Pride.——In France they have both hurdle races and steeplechases for three-year-old fillies only.——Maher, the successful trainer of so many good jumpers, never breaks his horses until they are 3-years old.——Truly one can buy anything with money. Even a steeplechase course, that at Huntingdon, was put up for auction recently.——Horses run in Rhodesia must be registered there, and have their names in the Calendar three times before being qualified to start.——Who is the lucky penciller who is able to build himself a lovely and lonely recuperating villa in the Scilly Isles?——Racing in America is so "stone cold" now that plenty of owners and trainers are thinking of going over there to buy up their stock at the "knock-out" prices.——Just as certain districts or countries are famed for their inexhaustible and almost exclusive supply of a certain product, so is Ireland inimitable as the home of real 'chasers.——When old platers get into a sort of callous state, and are not above the run of the selling form of the moment, they can keep on winning but once they break down again there is no recovery.——S.P. bookmakers, one and all, are now copying each other in extending their "jumping" terms into having no limit. Not long back even the biggest of them tried to bring in the 10 to 1 maximum for odds at the N.H. game.—Ted Hampton, the well-known and capable rider-trainer, thinks of going out to Buenos Ayres, and will be glad to take charge of any thoroughbreds being exported there, having at various times had the care of "shiploads" of horses.

Prophetic.

Kempton on Boxing Day, although not professing a very full card, will attract the holiday maker, who, anyhow, will see one good horse saddled when Jealousy carries her 10lb. penalty home in the Richmond Maiden Plate, the only pity being that she will not encounter Redmond. If she should be absent, substitute W. M. Given reasonable jockeyship, Sprinkle Me, a really nice horse, must take the Hampton Steeplechase.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For Free Sample send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

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Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

A WALTHAM WATCH

for a perfect timekeeper. 16,000,000 in use. Makes an ideal Christmas gift. The best value in watches yet made. Write for list. WEST END DEPOT (Dept. J.B.), 72, REGENT STREET, W. Watches and jewellery bought or taken in exchange.

WHY

you should invest your money in Lotisico Policies.

BECAUSE it is one of the best ways of investing your money without any chance of losing it. A Lotisico Policy acts as a savings' bank, but it does not pay interest. Investors have other advantages, which are explained in the prospectus, sent post free upon application to the First Dutch Insurance Co., Ltd., 46, Cannon Street, E.C.

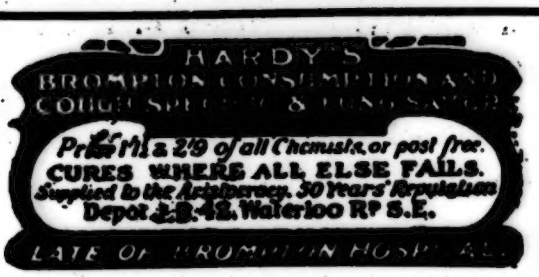
Small & Safe Investments IN CONTINENTAL SECURITIES.

Estd. 1839. SEND FOR PARTICULARS (1d. POSTCARD).
CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL & Co., 10 and 12, Place de la Bourse, Paris.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

FREE. 30 SAMPLES 2D



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A few thoroughly Energetic, trustworthy men capable of introducing business under the Company's new and attractive Life, Accident and Industrial Assurance Tables. For men of good character and ability, promotion certain.—Apply,
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(Established 1870.)
28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,607,646. Liabilities, £1,236,671. Surplus, £371,073.
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
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Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
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A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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AS A MEANS OF MAKING, SAVING, & RAISING MONEY

¶ Experience has proved that without expert knowledge and advice vast sums of money are wasted on Insurance. A Pamphlet we have just published will prevent you doing this and also explain to you entirely new ways of making, saving, and raising money in connection with Insurance.

¶ The above Pamphlet will be sent gratis and post free.

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Basildon House, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

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£23 15 0

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Gate Change Control. Ball Bearings to Shafts. Self-Contained Radiators. Gear-driven Water Pumps. Push-Away Foot Pedals. Expanding Brakes. Artillery Wheels fitted with Dunlop Non-Slipping Tyres.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.
Only a limited number of these cars.

Send for Particulars at once, post free, Mentioning "John Bull" to the Manager.

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PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

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A. B. C. Guide to Stock Exchange

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Call Options thoroughly explained, also all Stock Exchange operations; how to open account with limited risk; dealings at closer than tape quotations; how to avoid brokers' commissions. Contains highest and lowest sales for last 15 years.

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GOOD TERMS ON ALL METHODS.

Low Option Rates, English and French, and Quarterly Accounts Free of Interest. Pyramid Transactions.

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What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of September 19th, October 31st, and November 7th:—

MARY MAGUIRE, 89, City Road, Birmingham. (No. 131389—September 19th.)

Mrs. F. G. PROTHEROE, 116, Wymering Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W. (No. 88088—October 31st.)

JOSEPH JELLEY, Snr., 28, Bennett's Road, Saltley, Birmingham. (No. 145888—November 7th.)

WM. NICHOLS, 28, Glen Street, Leicester. (No. 194388—November 7th.)

W. MASSEY, Hazeldene, Chestnut Grove, Balham, S.W. (No. 118884—November 7th.)

G. LEA, 88, St. Vincent Street, Westoe, South Shields. (No. 127589—November 7th.)

J. B. ANDERSON, 1, Parkview Gardens, Tollcross, Glasgow. (No. 178884—November 7th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 21:—

1296; 16743; 25116; 29961; 39172; 41124; 41179; 53354; 61732; 67667; 71877; 74255; 85287; 87234; 90176; 93101; 99954; 105367; 113879; 117399; 121241; 126857; 128566; 129964; 131456; 159165; 159674; 167549; 169432; 171117; 174866; 189317; 196366; 206296; 213163; 218632; 226954; 231662; 229873; 245458; 258365; 258104; 267163; 277459; 279856; 286945; 286732; 285689; 286263; 296467.

INTERNAL BOUNDING SHOULD BE REREGARDED, BUT FINAL CHEQUE ARE, OF COURSE, RECEIVED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 30TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 23RD).

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